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THE BEQUEST OF
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GLANCES ON THE WING

AT

FOREIGN LANDS

BY

JAMES M. HOYT.

PRINTED

FOR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS,

ON

Special Request,

CLEVELAND:

PRESS OF FAIRBANKS, BENEDICT & CO., HERALD OFFICE.

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FROM
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MY COUNTRY!

“Where'er I roam—whatever realms to see—
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee!”

Goldsmith's Traveller.

EXPLANATORY.

IN the summer of 1871 I was induced, quite unexpectedly, to make a trip abroad.

I went to accompany my son—Rev. WAYLAND HOYT, pastor of Strong Place Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, New York.

We were limited to three months' leave of absence, including the voyages. The necessity for this limit was felt by my son to arise from his duties to his Church, which had tendered to him the vacation from exhausting labors, and had accompanied the offer with generous provision for the journey. I felt, also, that my business and family, left somewhat abruptly—consenting, however, to go, upon their earnest solicitation—required my early return.

We did not suppose that so brief an opportunity would give to either of us adequate knowledge of foreign lands. We expected, merely, that our impressions—which in so large a field could only be rapid and fleeting—would yet give locality and definiteness to ideas derived from life-long reading.

But these are benefits entirely personal. Then why—it may occur to some—dignify notes of mere glances at new scenes, taken while fitting on the wing, by printing them? The question is pertinent. I can only say that, while I would not have consented to their publication, I have yielded to requests of my

Explanatory.

family and friends that they be printed, as a *souvenir* for those directly connected with the journey, and a slight offering, grateful at least to the giver, to a larger circle of esteemed acquaintances, who may accept kindness of intention as some atonement for deficiencies in the scope and substance of the matter presented.

Still there may be one merit in sketches necessarily so inadequate. They were taken on the instant of their impression. New scenes and experiences were portrayed in the freshness of their first effect; and it may be that the life-coloring thus dashed on the pictures may reward attention to what otherwise would be commonplace.

As these notes were written for my own family, and intended to be stimulants to the curiosity of my children, and incitements to their broader reading, personal allusions arose naturally. For the larger, yet limited circle of friends who may see them, I have deemed these family allusions to be still in place and excusable.

JAMES M. HOYT.

CLEVELAND, February 11, 1872.

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FROM NEW YORK TO QUEENSTOWN.

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July 12, 1871.—The day for sailing. Intensely hot, and damp from recent copious rains. About 12 M. went on board the steamer "Wyoming," of the Williams & Guion line—Captain Whinneray. Wrote home before leaving the harbor. At a few minutes past 2 P. M. started on the voyage. Just as we left New York an immense column of smoke arose from a location in the city near Hudson River, occasioned, doubtless, by a large petroleum fire. We watched it intently, as there was great excitement in the city as we left, relative to the parade this day by the

Orangemen, and rumors of riots. A gentleman had brought on board a newspaper extra, with an account of riots in various localities. W—— is much exercised with anxiety. Trust the disturbances will be quelled without great violence. Were soon down the harbor and out through the Narrows. Gradually we neared Sandy Hook, and the last land we saw was toward evening—the lighthouse on Fire Island. As the evening drew on Venus came out brilliantly, and her location enabled me at once to put the ship around with the right bearings in my mind, so that now I am able to realize that our course is east.

July 13.—Glorious day. Some roll on the wide, wide sea, out of sight of land. Not sea-sick as yet, but the roll and the bad smells of the ship are sometimes unpleasantly suggestive. See frequent patches of medusæ or jelly fish on the surface. Had a pretty good night, though our state-room is close.

. *July 14.*—Another perfect day. Sea smooth, and temperature delightful; no sea-sickness yet, though the steady roll of old Ocean keeps one constantly in mind of internal commotion. However, am doing bravely as yet. Saw many porpoises yesterday. Passed a steamer of the German line, with her decks swarming with emigrants. W—— seems more inclined to sickness than I. Our Captain says that we are now in water at least two miles deep. The hue

of the sea is beautiful—a deep, indigo blue, and the water seems purity itself. There are occasional patches of sea-weed afloat, perhaps brought up from the far South on the Gulf Stream.

Afternoon.—Quite a fresh breeze and some white caps; but we keep steadily on our course with but little motion. Air very balmy. Am reading with great interest Professor Hoppin's "Old England." Am much pleased with its healthful, breezy, manly spirit. It reminds me of Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England and its People." Have always fancied that I should enjoy reading at sea, and thus far I quite realize the fancy. In afternoon later, the wind freshened and quite a sea rose.

July 15.—Had a pretty good night, though there was more motion. But this morning while W— was dressing he had to succumb. Afterward, when I got up, I did likewise. We both got on deck and did not venture down to breakfast. Sea quite rough, but air very balmy. We must be in the Gulf Stream. Am making fine progress in reading Hoppin's "Old England." An admirable preparative for an approach to the shores of our old Fatherland—with all the faults of the English, still the home of the brave and the free. The steamer "Harmonia," of the German line, passed us about 2 P. M., bound for New York. She was running near our course, and loaded with emigrants—her decks literally swarming with them

Every two hours the water of the ocean is tested by the thermometer, a bucketful being drawn up for that purpose. This morning the water was 72° Fahrenheit. Doubtless we are in the Gulf Stream. This afternoon it was 58°. On the Banks, the water is tested every half hour. If the temperature sinks suddenly, it is known that ice is near. Remarkable, that the movements of our steamer should be guided by the little thermometer. This evening we are in the fog, nearing the Great Banks, and the fog whistle is now blown at short intervals.

Sunday, July 16.—Am feeling very well this morning. Slept well and enjoyed breakfast. Cooler, but not cold. We are now on the Banks of Newfoundland, in water about two hundred feet deep. Have seen no fishing vessels as yet. The fog and mist are constant; and at frequent intervals the steam whistle proclaims our presence for a mile around on the solitary waters. Wind fresh and favorable; making fine progress. Including the crew, (about one hundred and twenty,) and the steerage passengers, and about eighty cabin passengers, there are, all told, about four hundred souls on board. Also one Newfoundland dog, which is a great pet. The Captain, a trip or two back, rescued seven men from a sinking vessel, which would have gone down in about six hours longer. They had not seen a sail for six days. The Captain says that by some means, he knew not why,

he went about fifteen miles south of his usual course, and so he came to their rescue—a particular Providence. Doubtless, in their extremity, there was prevailing prayer on board. The dog was taken from the vessel and given to the Captain.

In the forenoon, quiet arrangements were made for religious services in the cabin, and soon the ship's bells began to call to prayer and praise. About eighty assembled, including many of the crew. The Episcopal service was read by Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, assisted by a clergyman from Illinois, and followed by a few timely extempore remarks by the Bishop, heartily recognizing our dependence upon God. The whole scene was pleasing, healthful, reverent, grateful to the heart—praise and prayer ascending to God in the midst of the great ocean, a thousand miles from land, while the winds and waves sweep on in their wild solitude. At 12 o'clock all hands are piped on deck and the ship's boats are manned by their several officers and men, according to the uniform usage on Sabbath, to insure a constant readiness for any emergency. Touching allusion was made by the Bishop to the dear friends at home who are now thinking of and praying for us, as we think of and pray for them here.

July 17.—Quite a rough night. Ship rolled a good deal. Did not sleep as well. This morning wind gone down, and prospect of a still day. Hope the fog

will clear up to-day. We are nearly two hundred miles east of the Great Banks. The water on the Banks was once 44° , only 12° above freezing, while before it was at one time, when in the Gulf Stream, 76° . We shall this day probably pass the half-way line between America and England. What a vast expanse is this Atlantic Ocean! Five weary days and nights we have been steadily steaming at from eleven to thirteen knots an hour, to reach the half-way point.

About noon finished reading Hoppin's "Old England." In the evening had an interesting conversation, sitting on deck beneath the stars, with a Mr. B—, an artist, who has been much abroad. He is tinctured with the prevailing tendencies to materialism, and unsettled in his faith. He listened intently as we talked, and evidently felt that some of my suggestions were not flippant or superficial. I have made also a delightful acquaintance with a Mr. L—, of Chicago, pastor of a Presbyterian Church—a very intelligent and cultured man. We seem to take readily to each other. He is a thinker, and is fond of science, and has suggested much to me that I shall gladly remember. In some realms of thought he has not approached spiritual realities by the methods which have deeply interested me, and he seems to value some of my definitions.

In the evening, about nine, the sea was gloriously phosphorescent. Wherever a wave broke into crested

foam there was a gleaming flash, lighting up the ocean around like a transient lamp, and in the wake of the ship there was a wide river of light. It seemed that, were you in it, it would be nearly light enough to read. The hue of the light was golden, like moonlight. As the waves chased each other from the stern, agitated by the ship's wheel, they glowed and flashed, while scattered over them were lustrous little balls of gleam, large as marbles, and some big as lamp globes, which would shine like the stars in a Roman candle and then go out.

July 18.—Quite pleasant this morning. It rolled heavily in the night. Once, a sea poured into a port-hole on our side of the ship, and the watchful steward went into all the state-rooms and closed the port-holes. Then how close! It was stifling. At last I got up and opened our port-hole, and I went to sleep. How blessed and expressive of Divine intelligence the adjustment of the pure vital air to the living lungs! Enjoyed breakfast this morning. The day is charming—no wind, and only the long, resistless roll of old Ocean. I am not now made sick by this motion, and find the voyage quite enjoyable. A gentleman and his young wife are on board, on their way to Shanghai, China. They came by way of San Francisco, across the continent, and when they reach Shanghai will have gone round the world. The temperature, even in mid-ocean, is now that of July.

Great flecks of fog or mist lie off in the horizon, and at intervals we pass through them. It is almost a dead calm. Just now, about noon, a poor stoker in the fire-room, down in the bottom of the ship, was prostrated by the heat. The mercury rises there often to 136°, and the Captain had said to me a few minutes before, that he presumed now that it was as high, as there is no wind to drive fresh air down the ventilators. I saw the poor fellow, a strong Englishman, laid on his back half naked, on the second deck, upon a bed extemporized from tarpaulins, with a small pillow under his head. He was gasping for breath, and, convulsed with sobs, was crying. Poor sufferer! Perhaps he wept remembering a wife and dependent family at home. I spoke to the ship's surgeon and he went to him, but before he came the firemen and sailors had been tenderly applying restoratives. How little we know, in the enjoyment of our luxuries, what sufferings and hazards are endured by multitudes out of our sight who are delving in mines and fire-rooms. But He who sees every sparrow's fall, sees them all, and He will supply in His time merciful compensations.

July 19.—Again steadily through a long night our good ship has kept on its way, upheld on this vast expanse by the Almighty arm. This morning the mists still hang all around the horizon. But we must remember that the mist is mother of the cloud, and

that the function of the ocean is to be a cloud fountain, to supply the continents with the necessary rain. While the All-Provider is busy to meet the wants of nations, we must be content on His deep, though our view be bounded. No phosphorescence last night. Found Mr. K—— on board yesterday, of New Orleans, an acquaintance of my life-long friend, Thos. Allen Clarke. He told me that Mr. Clarke had spoken to him of me. Had a very interesting talk this morning with the Bishop. Find him to be highly cultured and pleasing, with wide knowledge of men and things.

July 20.—Still steadily on our way. Weather misty, and wind fresh. We begin to count the hours between us and land; expecting (if the Lord will) to land at Queenstown, Ireland, on Saturday morning. Last night a party of us went down into the engine room. The wind was fresh, so that the heat was not oppressive. The machinery is of enormous strength, but my view of the motive power in movement did not increase my sense of security. So many untoward accidents might occur on shipboard, of which you could not estimate the disastrous effect, that many anxious thoughts will arise. The great refuge, however, is in Him who will direct our steps if we truly commit our ways unto Him. I think I have derived new views of man's helplessness, and of God's Almighty Providence from this ocean voyage.

12 M.—Raining slightly, and confined to cabin and state-room. There is great monotony in this

“Life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.”

When below, you feel the slight shudder of the revolving wheel, and hear its ceaseless suds—suds—suds—a muffled sound of a resistless rush, as it whirls at the stern, sunk below the surface of the water. The great business of the passengers is to eat. Breakfast at 8 A. M., lunch at 12 M., dinner in full course at 4, and tea at 7 P. M. I can dispose of only two meals a day—the first and third. When pleasant I take a run, in all about a mile, twice a day, on the upper deck, which I miss sadly when it is wet.

I may as well here give a brief description of the ship. It is all iron, including the masts and spars. The bottom sheathing is about an inch thick, and the sides three-quarters of an inch. It is three hundred and seventy eight feet in length, forty-four in breadth, and forty-three and one-half in depth, and will carry over four thousand tons of freight. There are three stories of berths and decks—the upper, with state-rooms for cabin passengers; and the lower, underneath and disconnected, for steerage passengers and emigrants. The officers have special quarters. The sailors have berths in the forecastle, at the bow. There are eight life-boats of wood—all on the upper deck, and each covered with canvas and supplied with masts, spars, sails, water casks, compass, etc., for

instant use in an emergency. They will hold about seventy persons each. The engine is compound, both high and low pressure, and carries about seventy pounds of steam to the inch in the main cylinder. At right angles with this and below is a low pressure cylinder, some ten feet across, with a large hollow piston rod, which carries about nine pounds to the square inch. The steam is used twice—first in the high pressure cylinder, and is discharged from that into the low pressure cylinder, and then condensed. The water from the condensed steam is used in the boilers. The steamer leaves port with her boilers filled with fresh water, and by the time she completes her voyage the water has become, from the mixture of cold sea water in condensing, nearly as salt as sea water.

There seems to be a tendency to substitute high pressure for low in ocean steamers, on account of the saving in room and economy in cost and running. But doubtless this will end in a great increase of hazard and the occurrence, possibly, of terrible explosions after a few years, which may then cause a reaction and return, on first class passenger boats, to low pressure.

The steamer cost about £75,000, or say, \$400,000. It would require vastly more to build such a ship in America. She burns about sixty tons of bituminous coal in twenty-four hours.

Copy of Ship's Log, so far.—Left New York at 2:30 P. M., July 12, 1871. On 13th July, at Meridian, made 244 miles; on 14th, at M., 264 miles; on 15th, at M., 298 miles; on 16th, at M., 314 miles; on 17th, at M., 320 miles; on 18th, at M., 285 miles; on 19th, at M., 290 miles; on 20th, at M., 312 miles; and on 21st, at M., 290 miles.

The screw of the "Wyoming" (our steamer) makes about seven hundred and fifty thousand revolutions between New York and Liverpool. The engine registers its own revolutions, and thus the number can be accurately known.

July 21.—We expect this to be our last day at sea, as we hope to reach Queenstown to-morrow morning. It is pleasant this morning; but little sea or wind, and mild; clearer than we have had it for a week, which will be favorable in approaching the Irish coast. We have seen thus far no icebergs, no whales, and, exclusive of the porpoises and a shark early in the voyage, no fish. About mid-ocean, one thousand miles from land, we saw a flock of large gulls, some of them riding on the waves, and some flying. Little birds, called "Mother Cary's Chickens," have been seen almost constantly, sometimes only two or three and sometimes in small flocks. The day is splendid; sunshine and an exhilarating air. At noon saw to the windward a steamer bound to New York. She lay far off in the horizon, so that we saw only her spars and smoke, her hull being hid by the ocean.

Must now enclose what is written, for the mail at Queenstown; and so I send this to be read by you at

home. Do not read it all at once, but take it by easy snatches—say at breakfast, or dinner—and so follow us on our distant way. More anon—much more, if the Lord will.

CHAPTER II.

FROM QUEENSTOWN TO DUBLIN.

Irish Coast. Queenstown Harbor. Scenery. Verdure. River Lee. Cork. Irish Jaunting Car. Tim O'Driscoll. Blar ey Castle. Ride to Killarney. Wordy tustle with Infidel. Royal Victoria Hotel. Killarney. First breakfast abroad. The Lakes. Mist-covered Mountains. Islands. Grounds. Ride to Muck Ross Chapel. Service—Preacher and Sermon. Church-yard. Muck Ross Abbey. Grand trees. Ivy covered Ruins. Description of the Abbey. Killarney Village Church. Afternoon Service. Evening Service in Mission Chapel. The Preacher. Gap Dunloe. Purple Mountain. Cascades. Delightful Echo. Pony riding. Boat-ride on the Lakes. Rain and Sunshine. Merry Party. Enjoyment of Wild Scenery. Tree Arbutus. Innisfallen Island. Old Ruin. Rural Loveliness. Boat-ride to Ross Castle. Droll Omnibus Driver. Beggars in Ireland. Ride by rail to Dublin.

July 22.—Land at last. Saw the coast of Ireland this morning about 4 o'clock. It is very rocky and often precipitous, and indented by deep ravines. A striking absence of trees and dwellings. Somewhat misty but promises to be pleasant. About 11 A. M. left steamer "Wyoming" and was taken on a lighter into Queenstown harbor,—one of the finest in Great Britain, large enough to float the whole British navy. It is very strongly fortified. We saw a regiment of

red-coats being drilled on one of the parade grounds on a height near a fortification. Queenstown rises on a rapidly ascending slope northward. Around the bay there is an exquisitely beautiful outline of hill, ravine, wooded dell, and emerald lawn, stretching down to the water's edge. Such verdure I never saw before. The river Lee runs from this harbor up beyond the city of Cork. Mailed our letters home, and took rail train to Cork. Mr. L——, of Chicago, and his traveling companion, Mr. W——, of New York, accompanying us. The ride up the valley of the Lee to Cork was charming. At Cork we took dinner at the Victoria Hotel, having delicious fresh salmon from the river Lee. We then took an Irish jaunting car for Blarney Castle, five miles distant. Timothy O'Driscoll, the driver and owner of our jaunting car with its blind horse, was a paddy *indade*, always (if we could take his word for it) "the right man in the right place." "A man," said he, "of not much larning, but a kind of natural knowledge man; because, for shure, my father was a professional gintleman of Cork—one of the first citizens. He taught the violin, and wrote poetry, and in Latin no man in the world could bate him. So you see shure, I ought to be kinder knowin by natur." We did see it. His tongue was hung every way for a jabber, and with a roll and a roar he lashed his blind horse into a gallop and away we went from Cork toward Blarney. But such pictures of green stretches of river valley! such

softly rounded slopes! such rich copses of old ivy-covered trees! such wild hedge rows, aflame with flowers! such frequent old country seats of the quality, and such smooth roads and richly varied foliage! delighted us to the full. The jolly, rollicking brogue of O'Driscoll and his wise know-nothings amused us, as every turn in the road gave a new spur to his sputter. Soon we went through a little farm village of huts, and out streamed a drove of children, and ere long we had nine trotting after our jaunting car begging for pennies. They kept it up for nearly a quarter of a mile, and would not be satisfied. We soon reached Blarney Castle—a ruin of weird and rare interest. It was built in 1449. Was besieged and taken by the Prince of Orange about 1688. The huge stone tower with walls some eight feet thick, is over one hundred and twenty feet high. We ascended to the top, saw the Blarney Stone,—were not silly enough to risk our necks in kissing it, though W—— wanted to, and would, if I had not remonstrated. The view from the top is lovely beyond description. A part of the old ruin is ivy-covered, and the trees below are grand and massed in groves of the most luxuriant beauty. Returned to Cork by another road, or rather green lane, with hedges overgrown with furze, and rocky hill-sides blooming with the purple heather, and frequently fields where groups of beautiful cattle were grazing.

At Cork we took the train for the Lakes of Killarney. In our compartment we rode with an Irishman

who was full of Tom Paine's slurs against religion, which he constantly obtruded upon us. This provoked replies, and after quite a wordy tussle with him, he was content to haul down his flaunting colors. All day, sun-smiles and showers had been alternating, and at evening we reached the Lakes in quite a rain. We are now at the Royal Victoria Hotel, snugly ensconced, though the house is overrun with tourists. W——, full with a late supper, has gone sleepily to bed, to dream of the Castle of Blarney and the droll Tim O'Driscoll, while I am writing these notes on my open trunk lid. It is half past six in Cleveland, but eleven o'clock in "Ould Ireland," and I now bid you "good-night."

Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland, Sunday, July 23, 1871.—Caught my first look at Lough Leane (lower lake) from the breakfast-room this morning. Mists draped the mountains, which stood around the water like the Highlands at West Point. Islands of indescribable picturesqueness, and softly green with luxuriant shrubbery of wild evergreens were flung into the water, between which and my eye lay a grassy slope gleaming as emerald. The Green Isle is the home of foliage. The very spirit of vegetable life broods and lingers on the whole landscape.

Breakfast! I must speak of the method, in this my first experience in a foreign hotel. I went to the office and asked of the maid, who is accountant,

“Shall I order my breakfast here?” “Oh!” said she, “go to the coffee-room, sure, if you please, and order of the waiter.” To the coffee-room I went, and seated, I told the waiter I would have bread, butter, coffee, fresh fish and cold beef. “What is your *number*?” “Twenty-seven,” said I. He then went to a clerk, dressed daintily in a swallow-tail coat, at his desk, who took notes of the order, and soon coffee, hot milk, bread, butter and fresh salmon, from the Black-water, were brought, and I broke my fast rapidly with a zest made both acute and broad by Blarney and Killarney. A breakfast to remember as delicious. Neatness and sweetness, quiet and order, everywhere apparent, and the cleanest rooms and softest beds (not feathers) are comforts in a hotel which win their way to the pocket ungrudgingly. Now, a brief walk in the grounds—such grounds! such trees! I will not here particularize.

The jaunting car is at the door, and I, my son, Mr. L—— and Mr. W—— mount for a four mile ride, and passing by a private drive in the grounds through Lord Castle Ross’ demesne, into Hon. Mrs. Herbert’s demesne, and through Killarney village, we reach Muck Ross Chapel, where we attended Divine worship—hearing one of the Deans of the Dublin Cathedral, (Episcopal,) officiate and preach. This was a surprise. We expected to hear the holder of the living; but instead, had the opportunity to listen to one of the stars of the Church in Ireland. He was

a rosy, handsome man, rapid and mechanical in the service, with the Irish specialty of accent. The sermon (listening to it, as I then thought, from the curate) struck me as very thoughtful. What! thought I, do these retired country rectors grasp truth in this way? If so, there must be something marvelous in the system. The sermon, to a dissenter informed as to the stress of religious thought in our day, was not marked. There were parts a little dimmed by the shadow of baptismal regeneration, but in the main it was of genuine excellence. Bishop L—— and his wife were there.

As we left, what a gem of a church-yard! sweet flowers and grass and trees! Were it all like this, we could say with the "Exile," "Erin forever!" We went then to a ruin, which more than realized all my dreams of ruins—the old Abbey of Muck Ross. It belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, wife of Captain Herbert, M. P. for Kerry, who accompanied the Bishop, the Dean, (who preached,) and a young Lord, to the Abbey. The queen of this Sheba, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, mistress of the broad demesne which includes the Abbey, was also with the party. She is about thirty-five, blue eyes, light hair, not specially attractive in features or voice, and though richly dressed, wholly unpretentious. She is said to be highly exemplary as a Christian, a wife and a mother. But to the Abbey. Such a vast park! Immense old beeches, each as large as a grove; oaks, rich and

majestic; yews, gnarled and ancient; lindens, sweet and wide-spreading; evergreens of every hue; shrubbery in mass-like waves of green, and grassy slopes on every hand, till we come to the Abbey. Weird waif from the dark ages,—ivy-crowned, ivy-covered, ivy-nourished, with yew trees on one side, and storied old oaks on the other. In front, a grand avenue of beeches, lindens, and horse-chestnuts, planted in mediæval days by the friars. The Abbey itself, perched on a rounded height looking down on Lough Leane, and over the lake on the dark mist-crowned mountains beyond. Live thou! old Abbey in memory, green as thine own ivy! A dream of the past—dark, barbaric, superstitious, and yet instinct with strange beauty and wreathed in romance!

“The Abbey of Muck Ross was founded in 1440, and repaired in 1602. It consists of an abbey and church.” You enter the church, now roofless. In front, a huge tower, ivy-robed to the summit; in the rear, the great frame of the east window with its stone mullions still perfect, and the side walls and windows around. Within, are graves and time-wasted monuments filling every inch of space. On the side toward the Lake are the cloisters, where the monks once walked around an open court, in the center of which is one of the largest yew trees in the world—an impersonation of the long-gone past, and the living present; a green link grappling the *now*, to the dark ages. Above, on one side, is the refectory, and back

of that the dining-room, with its huge fire-place, chimney and stone mantle; and back of that the dormitory. On another side is the dungeon, and below, the great cellar. In the front, is the Abbot's reception room, and above, the monks' chapel; and from the second story, projects the window where the Abbot stood on a balcony to address the people when assembled in the grounds below. It is now all gone. But our *now*, with its history, culture and growth, strikes its roots into the past, whence it grew, as the brave old ivy, in its regal green draws sustenance and finds standing-room in the crumbling ruin.

Returned to the hotel, but dropped W—— on the way at Killarney village, to mingle with the throngs issuing from the cathedral. And now you are ten minutes to twelve o'clock in Cleveland, and we are six minutes to five by the old clock on the stairway of our hotel—the very spot where my nephew James, told us when at our house in March last, that when he was abroad, he broke the main-spring of his watch as he wound it, when hurrying to the train. How little I thought, when he told the story, that on a Sabbath in the next July, I would be jotting down notes of my doings within hearing of the tick of the same clock, in Killarney, County Kerry.

9 P. M.—Have just been in the jaunting car again to Killarney village and attended service at the Parish Episcopal church. But thirty-six persons

in attendance, including W—, myself, the curate, and a stranger—a former fellow of Oxford—who preached a very feeble sermon, during part of which I was refreshed with a nap. A great building, very solid and beautiful, costing forty thousand dollars, and only about thirty families, as we learned afterward, regularly attending. The vicars in Ireland who were officiating before the disestablishment, have annuities secured to them for life; and tithes are yet to be levied for fifty years. Afterward, we went to the little Presbyterian Mission chapel, sustained by the Irish General Assembly. Including ourselves and the preacher, there were eighteen present. Stayed after sermon, and talked with the preacher. A sweet-hearted North of Ireland Christian. He knew us instantly as Americans. He preaches in a circuit of about eighty miles, in school-houses, every month. He says that the Romanist Bishop is quite liberal, and that Episcopalian are kind to him. What a contrast between the droves that flock to the cathedral here, and the few, at the Protestant churches. It has rained and shined at frequent intervals all day, like a mild April day at home.

Monday, July 24.—Conclude to stay till to-morrow morning. On referring to a large map of Ireland hung in the hall of our hotel, we were amused by the frequent use of “Bally” as a prefix to Irish names: as, for instance, Ballydove, Ballylander, Ballylongford,

Ballybunnion, Ballyhooly, Ballyheigh, and finally, among many others, we descried BALLYHACK—doubtless the veritable original—that place of great renown, but which none of us had the slightest desire to go to.

After breakfast, Bishop L—— and his two interesting daughters, Mr. L—— and his friend W——, my son and I, formed a party and took a carriage for Gap Dunloe. After a ride of two miles we entered the Gap, passed up for two miles further through a wild rocky mountain pass. On the left, the Purple Mountain rose about two thousand five hundred feet, presenting a front towards us with a sloping precipice of one thousand feet of slate-shingle flecked with great patches of green heather; and all around as we rode, ten to twenty mountain rivulets were breaking into cascades from the rocky heights. Below us on our winding way, we passed a succession of little lakes, deep and dark. At one point in the Gap, a bugler accompanying us played the “Last Rose of Summer,” and the precipitous walls of the pass echoed the strains as he played, with a richness of tone, a delicacy of receding melody, and a wild blending of notes as in an orchestra, which thrilled us. We could have listened with delight for hours. Then, cannon were fired, and the echoes went thundering up the Gap. But gun-powder is better for blasting, than music. On we went. Soon we mounted ponies and ascending the wild bridle-path—ever varied, ever picturesque—we reached the summit. All the way we met

dashes of rain and driving clouds. We descended, winding round and round, over stone bridges, beside waterfalls, under bold rocky cliffs, looking down on narrow valleys with scattered huts beside little bits of bottom land, until we reached the upper lake, where oarsmen with a boat met us, and we embarked to return through the lakes. Rain and cloud; but with umbrellas and shawls we got on merrily. The scenery was matchless. Can not portray its unceasing variety and wildness. We ate our lunch of delicious sandwiches, drank some home-brewed ale, talked, told stories, laughed, re-laughed, and wet and jolly we glided among the mountains,—noted the flitting sunshine and showers, which brought out in gleam, or wreathed in mist the splintered summits, or gave lustre to the luxuriant clumps of evergreen arbutus at their base; till at length we landed on Innisfallen Island. Here we saw the oldest Abbey of all, said to have been founded in the year 600, by St. Finian. It is a rough old ruin, evidently many centuries older than Muck Ross Abbey. The views about it are of perfect rural loveliness. A flock of fine blooded sheep were feeding in the groves and on the luxuriant glades around the Abbey. Thence, crossing to the opposite shore, we went to Ross Castle—a historic ruin. As we approached it on the water, the view of its massive towers and battlements wreathed in ivy, which covered the whole surface with living green, was of unequaled beauty. This Castle, in 1662, was

beseiged by the English, and the garrison of about five thousand surrendered.

Returned to our hotel. Took dinner at table d'hote. Would describe the routine, but can not take time now. Will defer the detail till I get home, when I will try and remember it. Must now pack for Dublin.

Tuesday Morning, July 25.—Awoke with the sun smiling warm into my window, and the rooks, which abound here, strutting on the ridge of an adjoining building. But before I dressed it rained, and now cloud and mist prevail. After breakfast, we were piled on the top of a huge omnibus to ride to the depot. The load was immense, tasking the strength of two horses abreast and a leader, which, for the first half-mile was led by a boy, who, holding a little whip, trotted on by his side. Thinking this a queer method when the lines for all three were gathered in hand by our driver, we asked him why he needed the boy? With a jolly, rollicking brogue, as if equal to any emergency, he answered by shouting to the boy: "I say, Pat! jist *tooch* him a bit now. Don't hurt him, Pat! Only *advise* him a little, till he gits warm under the collar."

Beautiful ride to Dublin. Saw many towns solidly built; a good deal of choice farming country; frequent groups of fine cattle; and great numbers of peat meadows, whence the principal fuel for the peasantry is obtained; passed half a dozen ruined castles, and

some pleasant country seats; but, on the whole, the husbandry was poorer than I anticipated. Many meadows and pastures were very foul with weeds, and a great deal of land looked neglected, as if owned by non-residents and left to tenants having no interest in improvement.

I was surprised this morning, into an *Irish bull*. This being our first day's ride on one of the trunk lines of railway abroad, I had been intent on seeing everything new—in the cars—their trucks and couplings, the method of signaling trains at stations, the roadway, the frequent and costly bridges by which the farm roads were all taken high over the track; and, among other novelties, I noticed that stones marking distances were set up every quarter of a mile. For instance—going north—I saw a stone post marked “Dublin, 80 miles,” again another, “Dublin, 79½ miles,” next, “Dublin, 79½ miles,” and so on. Quite surprised at my discovery, and eager to apprise a friend in an adjoining car, who had a common interest in anything new, I called to him from my car window at the next brief stopping place, and having secured his attention, I shouted earnestly, “Do you see here, that there are *mile posts every quarter of a mile?*” He *did* see it, as I found by his hearty laugh in response; and *so did I*, when I came to realize that I was under the subtle influence of the air of Ireland, as much to my own merriment as his, in which our party all joined, and with one voice voted that the

bull was as thoroughly Irish as if it had been “to the manor born.”

The railway eating houses on the line are arranged only for lunch ; the cars don't stop long enough to sit at table. The lunch furnished, however, is excellent. Neatness and system were seen everywhere. I omitted, in the account of the excursion yesterday through Gap Dunloe, all mention of the throngs of beggars—men, women and children—which at every hamlet, turn of the road, and stopping place, streamed out and ran after us, some asking for money directly, some offering mountain dew (whisky,) goat's milk, and knick-knacks, for sale. I never imagined such pertinacity. I filled my pockets when leaving the hotel, with all the small silver and copper I could get, and long before returning, I had run dry. We reached Dublin at 5 P. M.

CHAPTER III.

DUBLIN TO LONDON.

Dublin. Trinity College. Goldsmith. Burke. Library. Buildings. Old Portraits. Students. Irish Parliament House. Tapestry Pictures. Cathedral. Swift. Whately. Trench. Royal Chapel. Phoenix Park. Zoological Gardens. Wellington Monument. Over Channel to Holyhead. Steamer—Swiftness—Oscillating Cylinders. Rail to Menai Bridge. Wonderful Suspension Bridge. Britannia Tubular Bridge—Description. Welsh Mountains. Llanberis. Ascent of Snowdon. Views. Slate Quarries. Ride to Bettws-y-coed. Pass of Llanberis. Lovely Valleys. Swallow Falls. Conway Castle. Chester, England. City. Old Roman Wall. Cathedral. Battle Flags. Grotesque and Indecent Ornaments. London.

AT Dublin we put up at the Shelbourne Hotel, one of the best in Ireland. Dined at the table d'hôte, and afterward took a car and rode about the city. It was bright twilight till nearly 9 o'clock. Very cold. Would think at home that such cold would nearly bring frost. Have known nothing of July warmth since we reached the Banks of Newfoundland. One needs to be clothed as in winter.

July 26.—Went with W—— to Trinity College, where Goldsmith, and Edmund Burke were educated;

saw the museum—the library, of over two hundred thousand volumes—the new lecture building, with a magnificent entrance-hall and stairways, having two lofty domes inlaid with parti-colored tiles, and supported by columns of highly polished variegated native marble. Saw the various lecture rooms, the geological museum, philosophical apparatus and engineering collections. Saw there, a model of the steam engine as invented and perfected by James Watt. In another building is the great examination hall for public exercises. It has nine full length oil portraits—among them one of Dean Swift, who died in 1745; one of Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1603, and is represented as having red hair, and features quite marked, but not beautiful; also one of Archbishop Berkley, painted by his wife; and one of Edmund Burke, who died in 1797. The grounds of the College are very large and of immense value—being, I should judge, nearly forty acres in the heart of the city. There are over thirteen hundred students, but only about three hundred reside in the College. The others have various places of residence in England, Ireland, or elsewhere, but are enrolled on the catalogue, and are examined at the regular examinations of the College. There are thirty-six fellows, and a great number of Professors. The College, doubtless, derives a princely income from the estates it holds in all parts of Great Britain, the gift of the crown, or of its Alumni. This morning we saw also

the old Irish Parliament House, now owned by the Bank of Ireland. The Hall of the Commons is used as a counting room; but the Hall of the House of Lords remains as it was when used by the Peers of Ireland. Two large Gobelin Tapestry pictures adorn the walls; one representing the battle of Boyne, and the other the seige of Londonderry. They are wonderfully spirited. The oak carvings in the room are of great beauty.

In the afternoon visited the Dublin Cathedral, (Episcopal,) where Dean Swift preached and is buried; also where Archbishop Whately preached; and Archbishop Trench now preaches. It is a vast structure with many features of interest. We also saw the Royal Chapel for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, connected with the Castle. It is elaborately ornamented, and is wonderfully rich in oak cornices. The main window has some stained glass about four centuries old.

Afterward, went to Phœnix Park, containing about seventeen hundred acres, of great beauty, with masses of grand old trees and wide reaches of lawn. The Zoological collection here has many rare specimens. Saw a very large ostrich; a living pelican of striking size and perfection; a male and female condor from the Andes; an immense Polar bear; large lions, lionesses, leopards; many rare birds; and a large female elephant, very docile and trained to turn the crank of a hand-organ, to blow a trumpet, and to play on a

harmonica. There is also here an immense monument in honor of Wellington, with four very large bass-reliefs in bronze, made from cannon taken by him, and representing the greatest battles of the Iron Duke.

In the evening called at the rooms of Bishop L—, and heard some very charming singing by Mrs. H—, a relative of the Bishop, who, with her husband Colonel H—, had recently joined the Bishop's party.

July 27.—Left Dublin at 6 A. M. for Kingstown, on the bay forming the Port of Dublin, to take the steamer for Holyhead, Wales. Had a very smooth trip across St. George's channel. The steamer is a large and powerful one of iron, very swift, having sometimes for short distances, made twenty-two miles an hour, as we were told by the sailing Master. It burns thirty tons of coal in four hours. I saw for the first time on board, oscillating cylinders. This is a very ingenious arrangement to dispense with a walking beam; thus saving room in the hold, and probably, also, quite an amount of dead lift. The steamer had a double engine—a cylinder on each side. These were hung at an equipoise on axles in their sides, so that they could oscillate as the piston-rod of each, which was attached directly to a crank in the shaft, moved to and fro in the revolutions. The steam was let in and discharged by openings through the axles

into the cylinders. Thus the power was applied directly to the resistance, with no drawback save the alternating inertia and momentum in the movement of the cylinders.

At Holyhead took the cars for Menai Bridge. The suspension bridge is sustained by wrought iron bars bolted together in long lines, instead of *wire* cables, (the modern form.) It is a wonderful structure, and was designed by Thos. Talfourd—a poor boy in his early life, herding sheep and having seventy-five cents a year allowed him to buy clogs. But he rose by his own energies to be one of the most distinguished engineers of the world. Length of the iron chains of bars, seventeen hundred and fifteen feet; length of span between abutments, five hundred and ninety feet. A ship of three hundred tons, with all sails set, can pass under.

The great marvel however, here, of engineering skill, is the Britannia Tubular Bridge, built by the younger Stephenson over the Menia Straits, connecting the island of Anglesea with Wales. The total length is eighteen hundred and forty-one feet; height above water at high-tide, one hundred and one feet; length of two main spans, four hundred and sixty feet each. We went down under the bridge and were powerfully impressed with its wonderful beauty and strength. The bridge is a quadrangular tube, having a double railway track. The most ponderous trains in crossing the great spans of nearly five hundred

feet, cause a deflexion so slight as to be hardly appreciable. The sides of the bridge I found, to my surprise, to be of but one thickness of boiler iron riveted in upright plates, with frequent openings to admit light and air. The great strength is in the bottom, and the top of the tube, which are formed alike; each has a double iron floor with a space between of almost two feet, which is thickly wrought into diamond shaped cells about three feet across, formed by transverse and intersecting walls of boiler iron strongly riveted in place. The sides of the bridge simply suspend the bottom from, and connect it with the top—the strength being in the top to resist *thrust*, and in the bottom to bear *tension*.

About 5 P. M. we reached Llanberis, in the heart of the Welsh mountains of Canarvon. Here are the great slate quarries. Above the village, old Snowdon, the highest mountain in the kingdom, lifts its head thirty-five hundred and seventy-one feet above the sea.

We put up at the Royal Victoria Hotel. After dinner we (that is Mr. L—— and his friend W—— and I) took ponies and a guide and ascended the mountain—a five mile ride up—and returned about 9 P. M. On the way down, we met my son and a traveling friend Mr. P——, of Richmond, Va., on their way up the mountain; they having left us in the afternoon to go to Canarvon Castle. The views from Snowdon were grand. The whole island of Anglesea

lies before you in one view, with a distant vision of the mountains in the Isle of Man. On the other side a large portion of Wales is seen, and mountains on mountains in a vast billowy sea lie below you. Returning to our hotel we heard some wild and plaintive singing in Welsh by three young men. Also three little girls about ten years old, for three pence each, were glad to sing for us some of their Welsh airs, with admirable spirit and harmony.

July 28.—Misty, and slight rain. W—— and Mr. P—— spent the night on Snowdon to see the sunrise. They were disappointed in this, but got however, some pretty good views through openings in the mist. They returned to the hotel early in the morning. We visited after breakfast, the great slate quarries, in which about three thousand men and boys are employed. The whole mountain nearly, is of slate, of different colors, and blastings are made of immense masses from the face of the cliff, and the huge blocks of slate thus thrown down, are split up into slates as easily as you would cleave clear pine wood. The pieces are then cut into various sizes for roofing. The men who drill for blasting are tied in ropes and then let down the face of the mountain. Often there are accidents, and men are killed nearly every month in the year.

Started about 9 A. M., by stage, to go to Bettws-y-coed, through the pass of Llanberis. We had a

delightful ride on the outside of the coach, although we were overtaken by several drenching showers, from which we protected ourselves, as best we could, by umbrellas and shawls. The pass was of great wildness—rocky, and precipitous. Beyond the summit, as we descended, we had views of some lovely little green valleys nestled in the bosom of the old mountains around, which seemed to hold and nourish these valleys—made fertile by the wash of the mountain slopes—as parents fondle and nourish children in their arms. Going down, we passed the Swallow Falls—an interesting rapid and cascade, very similar to some of the Trenton Falls, New York.

Arriving at Bettws-y-coed we took the train for Chester, England. We soon passed a station which the Welsh *spell* “Llanrwst,” but *pronounce* *Clanroost*.

Arriving at Conway we visited the castle—one of the largest and most important ruins in the kingdom. It stands on the Conway river, and in ancient times guarded England from incursions by the wild Welsh mountaineers, issuing through the Conway pass in the Snowdon mountains, and carrying fire and sword into the plains below. This castle has many interesting historical associations. The walls are about eight feet thick in the main portions. There were originally eight towers of great height, but four have been taken down. King Edward I. was besieged in this castle by Madoc, a son of Llewellyn, in 1290. In 1647 the castle was surrendered to the Parliament forces, in Cromwell’s time.

We arrived at evening in Chester, and put up at the Grosvenor Hotel—a very fine house—where palatial rooms were assigned to us. After supper we walked about this quaint and ancient city by moonlight. It contains nearly forty thousand inhabitants. Many business men of Liverpool, sixteen miles distant, reside here.

July 29.—Walked around the city, about two miles *on the top of the old wall*, visiting the several towers. This wall was standing in the year 72. The Romans held this part of England nearly five hundred years, and there are many traces of their sway, which on the whole was beneficent and tended to the civilization of the ancient Britons. We next visited the cathedral where Kingsley is one of the canons, and Howson (of Connybeare and Howson) is the Dean. This cathedral is one of the oldest in the Kingdom, and deeply interested us. It is three hundred and fifty feet long from the entrance to the east window; has side arches, a north and south transept, a choir, a chapter room, a court and cloisters. The choir is elegantly ornamented with canopies having pinnacles and pendants of richly carved oak. To the left of the main entrance of the cathedral is a portion of the old oaken roof ceiling, highly ornamented, of the time of Cardinal Wolsey. Nearly every inch of the pavement of the cathedral is occupied by graves of those buried here, and the walls below are filled with

memorial tablets and inscriptions. In the chapter room is a flag which was carried in Wolf's army at the storming of the Heights of Abraham and capture of Quebec, and another flag borne by the British in the battle of Bunker Hill. The terminal lines of the groined arches in the cathedral nave rest on corbels cut in stone, wrought into grotesque representations of the human face and form; and some of them, we were told by the beadle, were so indecent that they have been removed, or covered with plaster. It was said also that there were other evidences of the corruption of the old monks in the early Romanist days of the cathedral. W—— remained at Chester to hear Canon Kingsley preach, to-morrow, and I came on to London, arriving about 9 o'clock, and taking rooms, in this greatest city of the world, in the seventh story of the Langham Hotel. Am greatly disappointed in finding no letters awaiting my arrival; and now, at eight minutes past 6 with you, but at half past 11 in London, I go to bed, seeking gratefully to commend you all and myself to Him who equally on either continent, is ready to uphold all who put their trust in Him.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

First view of the Great City. Hansom Cabs. Sermon in Westminster Abbey. Thames. Westminster Bridge. Frequent rain. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Service there. Spurgeon's appearance—Manner—Outline of his Sermon—Lord's Supper—Large attendance—Number of Membership—Service contrasted with that in Westminster Abbey. Getting admission into Parliament.

July 30, London.—Awoke in this great city this morning. Quite clear at first, but before I got up it rained. There is less fog and smoke, as yet, than I anticipated. I am in the seventh story, above the eaves of the Langham Hotel; and I look down upon the great sea of houses. In the far north perhaps five miles away, I see a range of highlands, dotted with mansions and spires. About half a mile in front of me is Regent Park. The streets are broad and clean in this part of the city, (Portland Place W.,) and everything is quiet. Many of the streets are macadamized in the roadway. In the coffee-room, at breakfast, I was called upon to fill out a written

order for what I wished and date it, giving my number and name. After breakfast I took a hansom cab for Westminster Abbey to attend morning service. These cabs are a curiosity. They are hung very low, on two wheels, the body, seat, back, and cover resembling our gigs. The shafts curve upward to nearly a level with the horse's back. The driver sits behind all on a little high seat perched above the cover. Two can ride in them with comfort. They are driven rapidly, and make two miles in a short time. For baggage, four wheeled cabs are used with a place for trunks on top, the driver sitting in front.

Westminster Abbey—I can only speak briefly now, as I went there for divine worship, not to see. The preacher was one of the minor canons—a Mr. Alford, probably a relative of the distinguished Dean,—who monotonously read a very common-place sermon, though good in sentiment. There was a large attendance, but doubtless mainly strangers who came to see the world-famed Abbey. After service, I walked a short time, past the great Parliament House, and across the Thames on Westminster bridge. This was my first view of the Thames. It was very turbid, the tide running up rapidly. It is about half as wide as the Hudson at Albany—perhaps not quite that width. The bridge is a grand one, with seven arches of iron, of immense strength, having a broad paved stone roadway over the whole, on which omnibus and carriage horses trot rapidly, and crowds of people are constantly passing. Returned by cab to the Langham.

Afternoon.—In my room. There has been a high wind, and now it is raining rapidly. It has been wet every day but one since I landed. Shower and sunshine, like April; only the sunshine is very transitory. Would as soon think of going out without shoes, as without an umbrella, and I wear constantly my overcoat, and am hardly warm with that. Give me thus far, our American climate with all its extremes, rather than this amphibious condition; though it be kindly toward tender shrubbery.

Evening.—I have been to hear Spurgeon preach. The Tabernacle is about four miles from the Langham Hotel. I took a cab about 6 P. M., and was there in time. I had some apprehensions about getting in, as this is the first Sabbath for some weeks on which Spurgeon has preached, having been laid aside by a severe attack of the gout. Going into the churchyard however, although hundreds were standing awaiting the opening of the doors, an usher who was in the uniform of a policeman, saw me and asked me if I was a stranger. I told him I was from America. "Oh well then," says he, "go right in and take the first seat you find in the lower galleries." He handed me at the same time a little envelope, which, said he, "please read as you go." I saw it was an invitation to contribute to the support of Spurgeon's College. To this I gladly responded. Entering, I found an excellent seat in full view and hearing of the speaker.

The Tabernacle is an immense building, very conveniently arranged, though plain. It is admirably lighted with three rows of windows over each other on the sides, giving the freest ingress of light and air. The glass is plain, and with no shield of even blinds to the windows. These are not needed in London; and as the whole congregation unite in singing, and most of them have Bibles which they use when the Scriptures are read, there is a necessity for good light in all parts. There are two tiers of galleries running entirely round the immense audience room. There is no pulpit, but a simple projection of a platform with a balustrade from the lower gallery in the end opposite the entrance. There, Spurgeon stands in preaching, with a simple table beside him, and the people seated all around him. The church will seat six thousand, and it is said that another thousand can crowd standing into the aisles. The seats were all occupied this evening, and hundreds were in the aisles.

Soon after I was seated, Spurgeon, who is yet quite lame, came limping down from the vestry in the rear of the gallery, and took his seat on a sofa near the table. He is short, and deep chested; his head and face full, but not striking. He is sturdy in mien; has very little action, and that not graceful, but perfectly natural. He speaks in a conversational tone, just as one would talk earnestly. His voice is rich and sweet, though not particularly flexible or expressive,

except of continued earnestness. It is a kindly and persuasive voice. He read the hymns as though he felt their sentiment, but with no special skill. His prayer was very natural and simple, and was devout and special in its suplications. He read the IX Psalm, accompanying nearly every verse with comment in a conversational way. As, for instance, on the first verse: "I will praise thee with my whole heart, O Lord." "You see here," said he, "that David came to a *resolution*, 'I will praise Thee?' Not only this—it was no mere lip service—but praise 'with the *whole heart*.' God gives His heart to those He loves, and we should do no less than to give the whole heart in return." "Again, 'I will show forth all thy marvellous works.' A great undertaking surely this, but however, as we have eternity in which to utter praises, we may hope to show all God's marvellous works." Again, on the tenth verse, "And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." "There," said he, "I wish you to take that Scripture home to your hearts, every one of you, and know that the Lord *never* forsakes them that seek Him."

The singing was most impressive. The tunes and hymns old and familiar, and *every one sang*. There was no organ or instrument, simply a leader who stood beside Spurgeon, and the whole temple was made to overflow with the voice of *all the people* praising God. The text was the last clause of the fourteenth

verse of IX Psalm: "I will rejoice in Thy salvation." I will endeavor to give you an idea of the sermon, stating first that Spurgeon spoke without notes, except a little slip of paper which he looked at once or twice only. He has remarkable fluency, of the conversational kind. The flow of thought is almost wholly experimental, appealing to common experience, often colloquial and homely, but always clear, and frequently of special appositeness, with no verbiage, and never labored.

I give an outline of the sermon from memory.

"'I will rejoice in Thy salvation.' I spoke to you this morning of salvation quite at length—as to what it was, and what it was not. That it was not only deliverance from the penalty of sin, but from sin itself. I will this evening look at the same subject from a different point of view. First.—Observe that the salvation spoken of is not *ours*. We may make it ours by *possession* through its acceptance by faith. But the salvation is God's work, not ours. It is His in the *planning*. The whole scheme was the fruit of the Divine thought and purpose. Man never so much as dreamed of the *plan*. That is wholly Divine. Again, it is of God's *procuring*. He not only planned, but he *imparts* it. We cannot procure it, except as he gives it. Again, it is divine in its *adaptation* to man. It is just fitted to the wants of all men, in all conditions. None so guilty but it may be adequate to their forgiveness and cleansing; none

so high, or so low, but it is precisely fitted to all their soul's needs. Thus God planned, and God imparts, to all who will accept by faith, a salvation perfectly adapted to their needs. I believe in free agency; but yet I doubt if there was ever a believer who did not say that the Father drew him. 'No man can come unto me except the Father draw him.' There, is a lack of *power*. 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' There, is a lack of *will*. But this is God's salvation. It bears every mark of its divinity of origin. You see a line of poetry, and you say, 'It is Shakespeare,' yet you do not know that it is by being able to refer to it in place. Still, the impress of its author cannot be mistaken. You read a portion of a Psalm; you know it to be David's. Some may say, 'doubtful,' it may be rather about the time of the captivity. You, however, have no doubt; for you know how David speaks. I once saw a painting in Venice by Titian. It was doubtless genuine, but that there might be no mistake, there was written under it, 'Titian fecit, fecit.' *Twice* 'fecit,' that there could be no doubt. So God has set His signet on His salvation twice—once, in the planning and imparting; and again, in its perfect adaptation to the sinner in his conscious experience. But I will not detain you here. I pass to notice a second feature in the text. It is a salvation that brings *joy*. There is no man so entitled to happiness of heart as he whose sins are forgiven, and who is being drawn to God in

Christ. The impenitent do not think of God. They are not drawn to Him. If they saw in the Gazette that God had died, and they could believe it true, it would be rather a relief, and they would hail the fact as giving full scope to their reckless indulgences. The awakened man is inquiring after God; but the believer *rejoices in God*. Then should the believer throw open with gladness his whole heart to this salvation. He should strew the streets of his heart with flowers to welcome the Savior; he should ring out all the bells of happiness. Some people imagine religion to be melancholy. Never a greater mistake. I would not forbid the banns as near of kin, but I do say, that it is a sad thing for a Christian to become melancholy; but it is a glad thing for a melancholy man to become Christian. This salvation then, is God's in its planning, its imparting, and its adaptation. Everything is blended in it that is requisite. The sinner's guilt is expiated. God does not forgive sin without punishment. Christ has borne the penalty for us. God, in this salvation, is as just as though he knew no mercy; and is as merciful in it as though He knew only grace. I will then *rejoice in this salvation*. I remember when a boy, as I sat far under the gallery, and heard of this gospel, and salvation, the time when I too found joy in it, and did rejoice in its adaptation to my soul. I could bring those to this platform to-night who have trusted in this salvation

for scores of years—men and women—and they would tell you that it was divine, as a well-spring of joy to their souls. I could wish my old grandfather still alive and behind me, as he once was when I preached of this salvation, and at the close of my sermon he pulled my coat-tail and arose and came forward beside me, saying to the people: ‘My grandson has told you what he *believes* of this salvation; but I can tell you, friends, of what I have *tried* and *proven* many years, of its joy and blessedness.’ Now, who is there here to-night who will not rejoice with me in this salvation? It is intended to fill the soul with delightful emotion and to make it sing for gladness. Are any here who are poor in this world’s goods? I welcome you to the house of God. I am always happy when the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Dear brethren, you may be *rich* in this salvation. Are any of you afflicted? This is just what you need. We often need trial. The Master has handled me quite roughly recently; but I rejoice to follow Him, though He should even whip me as a dog. I had rather be a dog following Jesus, than be the devil’s darling. Some, trust in other salvation. They heed the priest over the way there, who puts on his millinery of black, or white, or blue, or what not, and rings bells, and heeds ceremonies prescribed by an ‘infallible’ sinner; but I will trust in no salvation but God’s. Yea, I will rejoice in it. I would that as you all go out I

could stand at the door and take each of you by the hand and ask, ‘Are *you* ready *now*, to rejoice in this salvation?’ I cannot do this; but I can and do pray that God may give all of you peace and everlasting joy in this His great salvation. Amen.”

Notice was given that the Lord’s supper would be celebrated in the basement after the service. I went down and participated. There were about fifteen hundred present, filling the large room. Spurgeon was not there, having gone home on account of his recent sickness. There were ten deacons who conducted the service simply and impressively. The church numbers about four thousand members.

Beside me in the gallery during the preaching, sat a young man, doubtless a mechanic, who afterwards introduced himself to me as a member of the church, and requested me to allow him to send to me a copy of the morning sermon, which would be printed in a day or two. This attention to strangers is very pleasing and useful.

While sitting in the Tabernacle this evening where Spurgeon, standing in the midst of six thousand people, was fervently leading them in prayer and praise and instruction from God’s word, and then profoundly moving all hearts with his practical and earnest expositions of the Gospel in its application to human needs, I was strongly impressed with the contrast between that simple temple, packed with

living souls all uniting in worship, and the dead form and lifeless homily of the morning in Westminister Abbey, surrounded with

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,”

teaching but the one great lesson, that all

“Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Westminster Abbey was but a majestic sepulchre; the other, was a tabernacle for living worshipers, instinct with the love of God as revealed in the Gospel, and responded to by loving and trusting hearts. Would, that there were thousands of such tabernacles in every land. It was good to be there.

July 31.—Sun shining this morning, but above the fog which rests all over London. [Sat up late last night to write up my journal, and awoke early this morning to send it to the dear ones at home, that in thought, they may see and travel with us. May God bless us all this morning, and keep in our view the four things which, as old John Mason said nearly two hundred years ago, if the Christian will remember, he will grow in grace, namely, to be “humble, thankful, watchful, cheerful.”

Went this morning to the American Legation to arrange for admission to the House of Lords. In

afternoon, looked at shops, and priced some articles. Saw for the first time a Graphoscope. Then went for a short time to Regents Park, and saw in part, the Zoological and Botanical gardens. At evening W— came on from Chester, and went to Spurgeon's prayer-meeting ; and returning, stopping at the Parliament House, he got into the House of Commons through the good offices of one of the guards, and heard Gladstone, DeIsraeli, and Harcourt in debate. He returned to the Langham about 2 o'clock in the morning, delighted with having gotten into Parliament before me.

C H A P T E R V.

LONDON.

St. Paul's Cathedral. Dome. Golden Walk. Extended view of London. Crypt. Sarcophagus of Wellington. Funeral Car. Adulation of Rank. Daily Service. Intoning. Tablet to Wren. Sidney Smith's Pun. Death of Dean Mansell. Dimensions of Cathedral. Zoological Gardens—Rare Birds—Animals. Twickenham. Pope's Villa. Primrose Hill. Bushy Park. Hampton Court Palace. State Apartments. Pictures. Vast Grape Vine. House of Lords. Droll Ceremonial. Difficulties of Admission. Tower of London—Extent—Associations. Old Armor. Knights in Mail. Crown Jewels.

Tuesday, August 1.—Went with W—— to St. Paul's Cathedral, and spent the day there, viewing the dome, choir, nave and transept. We ascended to the clock, and great bell weighing over eleven thousand pounds, then to the golden walk above the dome, and had splendid views of London on all sides. Day very fine. Climbed still higher into the ball, but gained nothing but the lift and squeeze into the narrow opening. Within the dome, as we went down, we stood in the whispering gallery, where, at a distance from me of one hundred and forty feet, I heard W—— speak to

me in a whisper as distinctly as though his mouth had been within a few inches of my ear. Descending, we went into the crypt and saw the sarcophagus which contains the body of Nelson, and also that containing the body of the Duke of Wellington. The funeral car on which the body of Wellington was drawn to the cathedral is placed behind the sarcophagus. It is of bronze, was drawn by twelve horses, four abreast, and the effigies of four horses abreast are now harnessed to the car draped to their feet in a velvet pall. The adulation of rank and aristocratic distinctions, which is so inbred in the English character that, were it possible, it would invest its favorites with superhuman eminence, reaches a climax in the inscription on the coffin of Wellington:

"The Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince Arthur, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Tallavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley. Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, one of her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces. Born 1st May, 1769; Died 14th September, 1852.

Returning to the choir, at 4 P. M., we attended the service held daily at that hour, and heard the collect intoned, twelve little surpliced boys assisting. The officials participating in the service marched in procession into the choir, and, at the close, marched out in state, preceded by the boys and beadle. The singing was good, but the whole affair impressed me

as utterly lifeless and devoid of spiritual efficacy. The choir and east transept of the cathedral are wonderfully beautiful, in fact, the whole structure is a majestic pile of amazing strength and elegance. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the cathedral, lies buried in the crypt. We saw the tablet in his memory. The inscription closes with the Latin word "*circumspice*," which, interpreted in the sentence, directs the beholder if he would see Wren's *real monument*, to *look around*. It is said that Sidney Smith on seeing this tablet, with his irresistible tendency to punning, read it thus: "If you would see Wren's real monument, *sir-come-spy-see*."

While we were in London, Dean Mansell of St. Paul's died suddenly from the rupture of a blood vessel at the base of the brain. The great bell was rung to signalize the solemn event. So, earthly pageants pass away. The entire length of the cathedral is five hundred feet; its breadth at the transept two hundred and fifty feet; general height of walls ninety feet; height to the top of the cross three hundred and sixty feet. The church covers over two acres of ground.

Wednesday, August 2.—Went with W—— to Regents Park and spent nearly all day in the Zoological gardens. Here is the largest collection of living animals in the world, placed in grounds fitted to their wants, and kept in the best condition. Reptiles,

fishes, birds and quadrupeds are here represented in all their vast variety. I can only note a few of the most striking. One of the most brilliant of the birds was the Purple Headed Glossy Starling, from West Africa, between the size of a robin and a pigeon. The eyes look as though they were of burnished gold, and the body is a glossy and splendid purple. In the seal pond were three seals, so tame that the keeper could call them out of the water and they would climb into his lap and kiss him, manifesting the most remarkable intelligence. They are covered with fur and their limbs are shaped as strong webbed paddles, with which, however, they manage to waddle after a fashion on land. There were two camels, very docile, one of them a large Bactrian with two immense humps. A very remarkable collection of flamingoes held our attention some time. They have a body of about the size of a goose, but with necks full four feet long, and legs of nearly equal length. Their bodies, when they stand, are fully three and a half feet from the ground. They are waders. When they are still, they stand on one leg, and the other is drawn up so that from the thigh to the knee it sticks out behind beyond the body, and the part of the leg below the knee hangs pendant. And they stand thus also on one leg with the head under the wing when they sleep. The pelicans also were very interesting, of great size, with large pouches under their bills. The concave casqued hornbill was a strange bird. It lives on

serpents and other reptiles, and its immense bill and casque on the head enable it to destroy venomous snakes without hazard to itself. There was an immense boa constrictor. The great ant eater is a wonderful animal. The head nearly a foot long in the form of a large bill, with an opening in the end for the protrusion of the tongue, with which it captures the ants. Its claws are very powerful, enabling it to break into the strong ant hills. It has an immense bushy tail with strong hairs to brush off ants from its body. The kangaroos were very large and interesting. There were two great rhinoceroses, three elephants, three camel leopards, and a number of lions, tigers, bears of various kinds, etc., etc. The greatest marvel of all to us, however, were a male and female hippopotamus, swimming in their great tank. These animals are extremely rare in collections. They were of immense size and wonderful structure. Their heads huge as a barrel, and their mouths big enough to take in a whole fork-ful of grass at once. They would respond instantly to their keeper, when he asked them if they wanted dinner, by lifting their heads above water and giving a loud grunt. There was also a very large and beautiful ostrich.

Thursday, August 3.—We took cars at Waterloo bridge for Kew bridge, then took a fly, to pass through Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington and Bushy Park to Hampton Court Palace. The day was

beautiful, being clear and actually hot. In Richmond we saw, in the distance, the park and mansion of Earl John Russell. In Twickenham, we saw the house and grounds where Sir Robert Peel lived; also Pope's villa, being the grounds and garden on the Thames where the poet lived, and wrote most of his works. The spot is very beautiful, having fine old trees and shrubbery, and soft sylvan views on the margin of the Thames. We also saw where Louis Phillippe lived after he fled from France; and the beautiful grounds and house where his sons, the Orleans Princes now live—the eldest, Duc de Annale, is now in Paris seeking the throne. We rode over Primrose Hill, the seat of Sir Robert Walpole, where he wrote his letters so famous in English literature. We now reached the grand old horsechestnut trees, in a vast avenue of a mile in length with five rows on each side, which constitute Bushy Park—a place of famous beauty when the old chestnuts are in bloom. We saw under the trees, droves of London children who had come out in pic-nic parties—doubtless some schools, with their teachers. Passing through this great avenue we reached Hampton Court Palace, where the kings of England lived from Henry VIII. to George II. This palace was commenced on a scale of royal grandeur by Cardinal Wolsey. It was wrested from him by bluff old Harry, who lived here with his many wives. Here too, lived Charles I., who was beheaded; and, also, Charles II., of profligate memory.

But the greatest occupant (except Cromwell, who lived here for a brief season,) was the Prince of Orange, William III. He greatly enlarged and beautified the palace and grounds. I cannot stop to describe the vast old elms on the bank of the Thames, eight to ten feet in diameter. In other parts of the grounds were yew trees three feet through. The Queen's Bower is very beautiful. The great black Hamburgh grape vine, now bearing twelve hundred and fifty clusters, is one hundred and five years old, and covers an area of twenty-two hundred square feet. It is under glass. The roots have no border, but run under the wide gravel walks. I marvel that thus situated it should be so fruitful. The great hall, built by Wolsey, is said to have been used for the acting of some of the first of Shakespeare's plays. The roof of this hall, of old English oak, is of great beauty.

I cannot stop to enumerate the many objects of rare beauty and interest. It will be suggestive however, just to name the apartments, in the long suits of rooms, nearly all, adorned with rare and costly paintings. The King's Grand Staircase, with most elaborate and florid Italian fresco paintings; the King's First Presence Chamber; the Second Presence Chamber; the Audience Chamber; the King's Drawing-room; King William's Bed-room; the King's Dressing-room; the King's Writing Closet; Queen Mary's Closet; the Queen's Gallery; the Queen's

Drawing-room ; the Queen's Audience Chamber ; the Public Dining-room ; the Prince of Wales' Presence Chamber, Drawing-room and Bed-room ; the Queen's Private Chapel, Closet, Drawing-room, and Private Chamber ; the South Gallery ; the Mantegnas Gallery ; the Queen's Staircase ; the Queen's Guard Chamber, Presence Chamber, Ante-room, etc. I cannot refer particularly, to the king's bed and furniture, the queen's bed and furniture, the mirrors, clocks, porcelain, &c.

The whole number of pictures distributed in the various apartments of the Palace is nine hundred and twenty-five—some being by old masters. There are many portraits which are rare and valuable; but there is quite a sufficient number of the pictures, which evince the agency in the collection of such profligate kings as Charles II. Of the pictures which attracted our attention specially in our hasty view, I can name but a few. A portrait of William, Prince of Orange, afterwards William III.; a portrait of a Jewish Rabbi, by Rembrandt; a sea-port, by Claude; a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots; also one of her mother; also one of Queen Elizabeth; also one of Sir Isaac Newton.

Friday, August 4.—Rained some this morning. In afternoon went to the British Museum, but, as I am to go again, I will not particularize here. In evening got into the House of Lords with W——. Was, of

course, greatly interested to see this world renowned body in session—the Lord High Chancellor of England presiding, on the woolsack, in gown and wig, the golden mace behind him, and the Peers of the Realm on the benches. But, to tell the truth, they were a rather sleepy and indifferent set of men. They did not debate with any animation, but drawled in a listless way a few remarks, first by one, then by another. Some wore their hats, some were lounging on the benches, others walking about. The best looking man in the body (I mean intellectually) is the Duke of Argyle. As a whole, they were not specially well dressed. I ought to say, however, that it is so near the close of the session that but a small minority of the Peers are now in London. None of the Bishops were present this evening. It is an anomaly of the British Constitution, that the presence of the Lord High Chancellor and two Peers, will constitute a quorum. This evening, the body of reporters for the press, as seen in their gallery, in numbers, as well as intellectual calibre, compared not unfavorably with the House on the benches below. There was no question of special interest before them to attract a larger attendance of the members. When they adjourned, there was a droll ceremonial. The Chancellor, almost before he had declared the motion to adjourn carried, jumped up from the woolsack and walked briskly toward the door. The keeper of the

mace, as if the fate of the kingdom depended on his alacrity, instantly seized this gilded symbol of sovereignty, and, holding it before him, swiftly followed the Chancellor; and instantaneously, the keeper of the Chancellor's purse, seized an embroidered bag so called, and holding that before him, followed the bearer of the mace, both keeping as near to the Chancellor in their rapid exit as though the Constitution required them to walk in *lock step* with him. And so, the House of Lords adjourned.

The obstacles in the way of the admission of spectators, with which the House of Lords is hedged about, seem so strange to an American as to be amusing. One would think the Lords dared not admit the people to their sittings. You must procure a written order for admission from some member of the House, or from our Legation, (and the latter is limited to two permits a night,) or take the alternative, (which most Englishmen and many Americans do take,) and stay away. When you have conquered this difficulty—by no means slight—and have procured an order, you are first seated with the favored applicants in a row in the vestibule to take your turn for an escort by the guard. When your time comes, you are conducted (only two at a time) through long passage ways, up flights of stairways, and through corridors, being passed from one guard to another—many standing as sentinels, or within call, at every turn—until at last, you are permitted to enter the

gallery perched high above the Peers, where you may look down upon the Upper House.

Saturday, August 5.—Fine day. Went to the Tower of London. This is of great interest, so old and storied in British annals, so much of the tragic in its memorable associations. We were compelled to pass through very hastily, as throngs are always there. I will not attempt to describe the Towers. They cover about thirteen acres, with the courts, and moat, within the walls. We saw where Queen Elizabeth was confined by bloody Mary; also where the two children of Edward IV. were murdered; also where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined many years, and where other noted prisoners were confined—men and women. We saw ancient armor of every kind; knights on horseback in full suits of mail; all kinds of weapons, offensive and defensive; also the executioner's block, and the identical axe used. We saw the spot where Anne Bolyn, and Lady Jane Grey were executed. I can not describe the multitude of rare things there. The closing sight was a view of the crown jewels and regalia of the sovereign of England worn on coronation days.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Egyptian, Assyrian, Arabic, Grecian, Roman and Moorish Halls. Statues, Paintings, Grounds, Fountains, Trees. Preadamite Scenery and Animals. Crowds. Fine Band. Artesian well. Exquisite Landscapes. St. Paul's. Memorial Sermon by Canon Liddon on Dean Mansell. Old Bailey. Smithfield. Martyrs. St. Bartholomew's. St. Giles's Church. Milton's Tomb. Milton's House. Grub Street. Bunhill Fields. Wesley's Chapel, House and Grave. Middle and Inner Temple. Lincoln's Inn. Goldsmith's Grave. House of Commons. South Kensington Museum.

August 5.—In afternoon visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We went by cab, the distance about five miles, and had an opportunity to see the part of London south of the Thames. The Crystal Palace was completed in 1854, for the great international exhibition. It is now owned by a company, with grounds of some two hundred acres, and is kept as a great show place. It is a wonder of itself and would repay a week's study of the instructive representations of antiquity and ancient art, with its Egyptian,

Assyrian, Arabic, Grecian and Roman Halls. There are also many statues and paintings. The illustrations of natural history in its various departments; of manufactures; of the styles of dress and furniture in different periods; and the specimens in the geological, botanical, and other cabinets, seemed literally numberless; and beside these, there were thousands of other things to which I cannot make even a general allusion. There is also a hall illustrating Moorish architecture in imitation of the Alhambra in Grenada. Besides, I was especially interested in the gardens, flower-beds, rose circles and borders, and the rare and elegant trees and fountains which adorned the spacious grounds of the Palace. I saw nothing elsewhere in finer taste, more perfect keeping, or more richly embellished. There are luxuriant specimens of the cedar of Lebanon, the Deodara cedar, and the striking Chilian pine (*Auricaria Imbricata*). You descend into the grounds on the south from the Palace by a succession of elegant terraces. You pass fountains and little lakes, with groves, and reaches of the softest and most brilliant lawn, till, in the lower part of the grounds, you see land, water, and shrubbery arranged to present a mimic representation of a pre-adamite scene, with effigies in place, of some of the gigantic animals which existed in that geologic period. These attractions bring vast crowds from London almost daily. We heard when there, a concert by the Cold Stream Guards, about forty in number.

W—— thought it beyond comparison, the finest band he ever heard. We returned to the city by another road, seeing much of the beauty of the environs of London.

I have not alluded to the artesian well from which the enormous supply of water for the fountains and lakes in the Palace and gardens is obtained, being pumped into a lofty tower from which it is distributed. I thought at first that the Thames must have been drawn upon to yield the vast supply required; but learned to my great surprise, that all came from an artesian well about seven hundred feet deep. I will say here, by the way, that the water of the Langham Hotel, London, which is used so abundantly for drinking, washing, cooking and also for *hydraulic power* to lift the elevator which takes guests to their several floors, is also pumped from an artesian well upon the premises. This water is lifted by steam into a great reservoir on the roof of the building, and is thence distributed for use—the hydraulic pressure derived from its elevation in the tank supplying the elevating power.

To recur again to the Crystal Palace. From the long balconies on the south front I saw some of the finest of English landscapes. The view commanded was many miles in area, of exquisite sylvan beauty, with ranges of hills, copses of rich shubbery and groves, reaches of farm land in grain, and of green

meadows, and pastures with cattle, and groups of fine suburban dwellings, upon which I feasted my eyes, and with which I have filled my memory.

Sunday, August 6.—Beautiful day. Went with W—— and heard Spurgeon. The Tabernacle is near a part of London called the “Elephant and Castle.” Text 1st Corinthians, vi: 20. Immense attendance. Sermon excellent. W—— greatly pleased with it. I will attempt no abstract. There, we found Dr. D. G. B——, of Philadelphia, and Dr. M——, of the Foreign Mission Rooms, Boston. We may meet Dr. B—— next week in Edinburgh. In the afternoon I went to St. Paul’s cathedral and heard Canon Liddon. The choral service, was drawled out in a wearisome and perfunctory monotony of intoning. *At last*, came the sermon, which was a memorial one for Dean Mansell, who died the week prior. The sermon was able, and in some parts of marked elegance of diction, and precision of thought. Dean Mansell, as a man of rare metaphysical acumen, and also of exalted excellence, was abundantly appreciated by one largely of kindred ability and sympathies. The eulogy was evidently the fruit of sincere personal regard; and the characterization was in the best of taste. Yet, I think it is already apparent, that the function of Dean Mansell was in intellectual conservatism, rather than in the lucid and fruitful explication of truth.

Still, there may be uses, if not needs, in the spiritual cosmos for just such thinkers, to insist with emphasis upon caution and limitation in intellectual movement, even though, at times, it may be construed by opponents, as admitting weakness in the defences, if not virtually surrendering some of the strongholds of truth; for, action, held in check by reaction, to be thus in turn awakened to renewed and more determinate movement, is the great law of advance in the realms of thought, as well as of physics.

In the evening rested, while W—— went to hear “Tribulation Cumming,” as some call him, from his numerous volumes written upon the fulfillment of the prophecies. W—— returned greatly pleased with the naturalness of his expositions of Scripture.

Monday morning, August 7.—Still pleasant. Rare weather for London. Went with W—— by the old Bailey prison—where hundreds have been executed—to Smithfield, and stood upon the spot where John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, and, (as the inscription upon the tablet erected there in memory of the martyrs says,) “other servants of God who suffered death by fire, for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556 and 1557,” in the reign of “Bloody Mary.” Though dead, they still speak for soul freedom. Blessed martyrs! We saw near by, St. Bartholomew’s church—one of the oldest in London, in the simple Norman style of about the time of William

the Conqueror. It may have been a century or two later, as there are some evidences there of the transition to the early English style. Everything breathed of the long buried past; excepting only a young couple whom we saw at the altar as we entered, who, in the flush of their early youth were being married, joining hands as man and wife, with no thought of the past, so full were they of the engrossing present. So rolls the world. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." But there is a life immortal, if we so live here as to have part in Him who is the Resurrection.

We went afterward to St. Giles' church, where John Milton lies buried, and where Oliver Cromwell was married. There is a monument here to Milton, who was born in 1608, and died in 1674. We saw a picture of Milton's house. It has been torn down to make way for a railroad. It was a plain, narrow, city house of three stories, and a quaint attic, and with projecting windows in the second and third stories. There was a room in the rear of the second story in which Milton kept a school. When torn down, the lower story was occupied by a dyer, whose sign, as seen in the picture, was as follows: "(17) Heaven, Dyer, &c., (17.)" Queer, that a man by the name of "Heaven" should live in Milton's house. The house was built in 1614. The grave of Fox, the martyrologist, is also in this church. In a corner of the church yard we saw a bastion of the old wall which originally

enclosed the ancient city of London. The tower of this old church is over nine hundred years old. How plainly we saw on its rugged walls marks of the ravages of time, consuming even the stone itself. We then passed through old "Grub," now "Milton" street, a narrow, irregular lane not over twenty-five feet wide, with a few ancient houses still left. Dr. Johnson lived in Grub street. We then went to the old "Bunhill Fields Burial Ground," on the "city road," where the great Dissenters lie buried. We saw there, among many others, the graves of John Bunyan, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Henry Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, Daniel Defoe, (author of *Robinson Crusoe*,) Lady Ann Erskine, Lieutenant General Charles Fleetwood, who married the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, John Gill, the commentator, Nathaniel Lardner, David Nasmith, the founder of City Missions, John Owen, Abraham Rees, author of the *Encyclopedia*, John Rippon, Samuel Stennett, author of many hymns, John Townsend, founder of the deaf and dumb asylum, Isaac Watts, the great hymn writer, Alexander Waugh, one of the earliest promoters of the London Missionary Society, and Susannah Wesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley of immortal memory. What an encampment of the illustrious dead!

Across the city road from Bunhill Fields, is the chapel built by John Wesley in 1777, near the "old Foundery" where Wesleyanism was born in London.

In this chapel John Wesley preached until his death. He lies buried in the little yard behind it, where also is the grave of Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator. The chapel is plain and commodious and will seat about fourteen hundred and fifty people. About fifty ministers, who have preached here since Wesley's day, are buried around the chapel. The front of the gallery is ornamented with Wesley's crest—the “serpent and the dove.” I sat in John Wesley's old arm chair. The old pulpit in which he preached was cut down about five feet a few years since. It originally stood as high as the gallery. On the street in front and to the south of the chapel is a small brick house, built by John Wesley and in which he lived and died. We went into the room where his soul was released from the body. In the session room, back of the chapel, we saw one of the old benches which was used in the “Foundery”—where Wesley preached before building the chapel. I have been thus minute in noting these facts because they illustrate most instructively the rise of great events from apparently feeble beginnings. Here originated the mighty movement which gave modern Methodism to the Christain world.

We then went to the old East India house, where Charles Lamb was for many years employed. New buildings now stand on the old site.

We next went to the Middle and Inner Temple, where the lawyers at common law, have their inns or

offices and chambers. Also to Lincoln's Inn, where the chancery lawyers have their chambers. We saw their chapel, where Dr. Vaughn preaches. Also their dining hall and reception parlor. Here, are fine paintings of the Lord Chancellors. In the yard, near the chapel, is the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, who died in one of the rooms in Lincoln's Inn. We saw the windows of the room, in the third story. In the reception room, near the great dining hall, is a very fine full length portrait of William Pitt, the great Premier of England during the wars with Napoleon.

In the evening, we attended the House of Commons. We did not hear Gladstone or DeIsraeli speak, although we saw both of them. We came away about 12 at night. They sat till 3 o'clock, as we learned from the *Times* in the morning. The House of Commons did not then fulfill my expectations. But it is toward the close of the session, and every one is tired. Gladstone looks worn, and DeIsraeli, with a very gentlemanly mien, looks like a Jew. But transient impressions of the House of Commons are of little moment. Here, is the seat of the power of Great Britain. This body is the real sovereign, for nothing in the kingdom can long resist its will. An American should have as deep an interest in its historic renown, as an Englishman—for, in the eventful past, the Commons have fought for America and the world, as well as for England, many a mighty

conflict for freedom, and have won many a priceless triumph.

August 8.—Still pleasant and very hot. Engaged our passage home this morning, to sail, Providence permitting, September 23, in the Cunard steamer "Java." We have thus to engage long beforehand, as there are such crowds of Americans that we should fail to get good staterooms if we delayed. We then went to the South Kensington Museum. Here we found a marvelous wealth of paintings, gems, armor, medieval furniture, and ten thousand things which would all reward attention. London is *endless* in things to see. It is really a world in miniature. Spent the evening in a delightful chat with Bishop L——, in his rooms.

CHAPTER VII.

SALISBURY TO BRIGHTON.

London to Salisbury. Three Swans. One of Dickens' Inns. Pem-
berton. George Herbert's Chapel, House, Lawn. River Avon.
Picture of Salisbury Spire framed in trees. Beautiful Shrub-
bery. Wilton Hall. Earl of Pembroke. Vast Wealth. Law
of Primogeniture. Taxes on Parks and Hunting Forests.
Peers as Law-makers, Tax Peers. Chalk Downs. Stonehenge.
Supposed Origin. Salisbury Cathedral. Foundation of Tower.
Grounds, Age, and Wonderful Beauty of the Pile. Crown
Prince of Prussia and Wife. Brighton. Charlotte Bronte.
Grand Hotel. Star Views. English Bathing. F.W.Robertson.

August 9.—Still pleasant and hot; wonderfully fine weather for the English harvests which are now in full operation. Busy packing up. At 2 P. M. we took the train for Salisbury, to see one of the great cathedrals, about eighty miles southwest of London. It was delightfully *restful* to get into the cars again and have nothing *to see* but the sweet landscapes of England. Arrived in Salisbury at 4:30 and put up at the "Three Swans," a quaint English family hotel. Here we realized one of Dickens' scenes. We reached the "Three Swans" by winding into a narrow gateway between old and twisted brick houses of every shape, into a paved court-yard, on one side, the coffee-room

with some flowers in the windows, on another side, the kitchen, and the remaining two sides, the sheds, and stable. All were studiously clean. The stable door was open, and on the inside of it were nailed old horse shoes, the heads and tails of squirrels, which whilom the "ostler" had conquered on the field in chase, and there preserved as trophies and amulets. We were conducted by the maid through the bar, or as called there, the "tap," and kitchen, up winding and worn little stairways, with odd skylights at all angles, to No. 16, where we found *feather beds*, and one little window looking down upon the red tile roof over to the "ostler's" barn door. However all was sweet and clean. After supper we took a fly and went to Pemberton, to see the ancient chapel and house where George Herbert, the dear old hymn writer, preached, and lived. Here we had a treat. The little chapel is very quaint and old, and the house, across a lane, has been enlarged and is now occupied by the rector of a neighboring church. This house and the lawn in the rear were of exquisite beauty. The window of the room which Herbert used as a study opened upon a lawn of the rarest charms, bounded at a distance of about two hundred feet by the river Avon. That crystal river! so swift and yet so still—its bottom carpeted with wreathed streamers of watergrass green as emerald—its volume transparent as light, and brim-full to the edge of the lawn, where the gliding waters seem for an instant to linger and caress the soft grass

as they hasten by. We came upon the river as a surprise, not dreaming of its presence; but once seen, we will ever remember its bright waters in their setting of green, all living with motion and grace, and yet hushed, as if they feared by even the sound of a ripple to break the spell of their charms. An old Medlar tree stands on the river bank, which was planted by Herbert. It is protected by a zinc covering around the trunk from the depredations of visitors. The present occupant of the cottage is evidently a man of rare taste and considerable means, for I never saw a lawn more exquisitely adorned. Old elms and beeches stand around on the outlines. On the left side an opening is cut in the trees to give a distant view of the lofty spire of Salisbury cathedral over two miles distant. That spire of stone to the top, four hundred feet high, is a very dream of grace and beauty; and thus framed in a luxuriant tree border, as seen from this lawn, it looks aerial, as some celestial, rather than earthly vision. W—— first caught the view of this spire, and for a few moments it transfixed him. If he lives, his people will get that picture vividly set in word painting. This lawn which nestles in my memory as a bit of Eden, is open from the old cottage to the river. The grass is like green velvet. Inside of the lofty border trees, are rare evergreens—the choicest the earth can furnish—cedars of Lebanon, Deodara cedars, the *Washingtonia Gigantica* pine, from California, hollies, myrtles,

laurels, oaks, yews, and rhododendrons, not to name scores of graceful deciduous shrubs—the whole adorned with beds of brilliant foliage plants and flowers, tastefully embroidering the green body of the lawn. The whole south wall of the cottage was covered by the ever shining ivy, and also two finely-trained American magnolia grandifloras, then in bloom, and a luxuriant cotoneaster, with its airy leaves and coral berries. I have thus attempted to give you a glimpse of one of the sweetest of earthly visions.

We rode on to Wilton Hall, the seat of Earl Pembroke. The young Earl is just of age and unmarried. He has enormous wealth. We could not go into his spacious grounds. A porter met us at the massive gateway, stating that he had strict orders to allow no strangers to enter. It is a wrong, that England should be so nearly monopolized by a few Earls and Grandees. Were they compelled to pay—as land-holders are in America—anything like a fair tax relative to real value, upon the enormous properties held by them in parks and hunting-grounds, we should not see a country seat like Wilton Hall, of say several thousand acres, the very pick in fertility of the whole adjoining region, walled in simply to pamper the luxurious ease of a stripling Earl. Young Pembroke, as we saw from adjulant descriptions in the English papers, had just returned from a trip to Ireland, where he has vast estates, and where his tenantry had been convened

for an ovation to their Lord on his majority. His condescension in thus meeting with patronizing complacency the laborers whose blood and sinews were swelling his great revenues, was specially noted by the press. Happy Ireland, to have such non-resident proprietors! Do not think me a Fenian, from this philippic. I abhor that folly. But I do think that monstrous anomalies are fastened upon Great Britain by the unnatural law of primogeniture. If this obstacle which obstructs the great law of natural distribution in the transmission of property from generation to generation, were removed, it would not be long ere such wastes—so far as the common good is concerned—as Wilton close, would either pay its full proportion of the public burdens, or be disposed of for the public good. I tried in vain, in conversation with gentlemen whom I met—one of whom was a lawyer—to learn the system upon which lands and ornamental grounds are taxed in England. I could not learn that there is any general system. The tax on farm lands is nearly always paid by the tenant, as additional to his rent; a cunning way to conserve the influence of tenants in favor of low land taxes. I was told that ornamental grounds were made to contribute to the public revenue by an assessment of a per centage upon their rental; that is, what they might produce if rented—not I suppose if rented as farms, for such an use of the park of an Earl seems to transcend an Englishman's conception—but, probably their

imaginary rental, if leased to be used as now occupied. All this is doubtless due to the influence of the House of Lords, where Peers, *born to be law-makers*, have hedged their great holdings with laws suited only to Peers.

We then went to the village of Wilton, where the first carpets were made in England, and thus the name "Wilton carpets." We afterward returned to our "Three Swans" in Salisbury and had a good night's rest. Next morning we took a fly and rode eight miles and a half, by old Sarum, across Salisbury Plain—where the storied shepherd lived—to Stonehenge. We rode over the great Chalk Downs, passed several shepherds with their flocks and shepherd's dogs, and had rare views of wide landscapes, though the soil on the chalk is very thin, and the hill sides are sterile, until we reached Stonehenge. There, we met two gentlemen, one of them doubtless a curate of the vicinity, learned in the lore of Stonehenge, and he was explaining to his friend the reasons for the opinion that this oldest structure in England, rude and barbaric as it is, was of *Phænician* origin, long before the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. He claimed that it was not a Druidical temple, but a temple for the worship of the sun. As far as we could judge we thought the curate's reasons plausible. He said that there is a passage in Herodotus referring to an account by Diodorus Siculus of an Island to the west of Gaul, always covered with mists, which the

Phœnicians visited, and that in the center of the island there was a great temple of the sun. In confirmation of his view, the curate pointed to a detached stone placed upright some hundreds of yards due east of the main opening in the great concentric circles of enormous stones which with their rude stone entablatures constitute the structure; and he stated that to one standing in front of the altar rock within, and looking through the opening to the outer stone first named, the sun, on the morning of the vernal equinox, would be seen to rise precisely over the crown of that outer stone.

We returned to Salisbury and went through the cathedral—a wonder of grandeur and beauty. The style is the early English, in which all the old round Norman arches are pointed, and made in graceful rising lines ever to lead the eye upward. The nave, transepts, aisles, cloisters, lady chapel, choir, and chapter house, are all of special interest. The tower springs from the center of the church, and rests on four lofty columns about eighty feet high. These massive columns stand at the corners of intersection of the nave with the main transept. They are united by arches, on which rest the tower and spire, the top of which is lifted to the height of four hundred feet from the ground. The foundation of one of these columns, from the enormous weight and pressure, has yielded, and the tower leans so that the top of the spire

is twenty-three inches out of the perpendicular. It has however remained unmoved for the last two hundred years, and means have been employed to strengthen it. The grounds about the cathedral are of great extent and beauty. Vast elms, centuries old, stand around amid wide reaches of lawn, and in the dreamy quiet which rests like a charm upon all, you can easily imagine them to be mute worshipers. The cathedral is four hundred and seventy-three feet long, and the width on the main transept over two hundred and twenty-nine feet. It was commenced in the year 1220, but was completed in the following century in the reign of Edward III. We may get an impressive idea of its age from the fact that between 1228 and 1869 *sixty-one* Bishops have succeeded each other in the See of Salisbury. There is wonderful grace in the varied aspects of the pile, as seen from different approaches—all unlike, but all in harmony. The west front with its pinnacled towers and lofty gable is embroidered with all the magic of gothic tracery, and is populous with statues. But the northeast view appeared to bring into the greatest unity of impression the airy soaring lines which seem literally to lift one upward. From this direction you command the east end, which presents a facade in the early English, of faultless harmony of ornament—also the northeastern transept, the great northwestern transept, the north porch, the lofty nave, buttressed by flying

arches which spring from the outer wall of the aisles; and high above all, the rising tower lifting upward to

"The lessening shaft of that aerial spire,"

which seems to utter in mid-heaven the whole celestial meaning of the temple.

In the afternoon we took the train for Brighton, which is in the south of England on the Channel, and is the great watering place of England. Here you will remember, F. W. Robertson preached, and died. Here Charlotte Bronte came with her consumptive sister, who soon after died. On the train we had the honor of riding with young Fritz, the Crown Prince of Prussia—heir to the mightiest monarchy of earth—with his wife and children. He is an intelligent, fine looking man, and his wife—a daughter of Queen Victoria—an unpretentious, young and interesting woman. I admired her quiet self-possession as she sat in the compartment of the car with her children and husband. An absence of all self-consciousness—her dress studiously plain and without obtrusive ornament. With the mien of a lady, it seemed true that in her case the *woman* was elevated above the princess.

We reached Brighton at 8 P. M., and put up at the Grand Hotel—eight stories high, and a showy pile. In the evening, which was starlight, we walked on the pier and terrace above the bathing beach, among crowds of people. We came across a man exhibiting

star views with a fine telescope, and had some glimpses of the planet Saturn, with one ring very clearly visible, and two of the moons. We also saw Arcturus in the telescope, and thus had an opportunity to contrast the appearance of a fixed star with a planet. The star is vastly more brilliant, but is not appreciably magnified.

In the morning, August 11th, had a grand sea-water bath in a bathing house connected with the hotel. This bath was thoroughly English in all its appointments. The sea-water was warmed to about seventy degrees. The vat of marble was faultlessly clean, and the bath-room and an ante-room connected with it were handsomely furnished. Clean towels were laid on the head, side, and rim of the marble vat, and eight hot towels rolled up so as to retain their warmth, and a hot overall, were provided for use after the bath. Who but Englishmen would think of such luxurious appointments? My bath here was transcendent. Brighton is much resorted to by invalids for salt-water bathing in the autumn and even winter. This may account in a measure for what otherwise would seem to be redundant comforts.

We this morning went to the chapel where F. W. Robertson preached, and to the house—No. 9 Montpelier Terrace—which he occupied, and where he died. These were of rare interest to W—, and to me also. We were rejoiced to have impressions as to the unhappiness of Robertson in his family relations, derived by

us from their currency in America, so modified here as to be nearly obliterated. We were told by a gentleman who accompanied us to the chapel—a parishioner and intimate acquaintance of Robertson—that there was not the slightest foundation for anything graver in his family relations than possibly some want of congenial fitness in Mrs. R—and inability from temperament and antecedent training to enter into full sympathy with his lofty and self-sacrificing spirit. We regretted that want of time prevented a visit to the grave of Robertson. His vivid discernment and grasp of truth, his susceptibility to religious obligation, and his lofty devotion to duty so quickened his rare genius to the intensest activity, that though he lived much, as measured by *heart-life*, yet his days, how few! But his influence will be neither brief or feeble.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGHTON TO LONDON.

Ride on Coach Top. Amateur Stage Drivers. Professional Whips. Fine Horses. Clever Scotch Guard. English Scenery. Neglected Hedges and Lands. Passengers Outside. Average Englishmen. Smoking—Drinking. Current Politics. London. International Exhibition. Prince Albert Memorial. Kew Gardens. Palm House. Tropical Forest. Great Heat. Surgeon—Sermon. National Scotch Church. Dr. Cumming. His Preaching.

At the Albion Hotel, Brighton, we took our places on the outside of a coach and four to ride fifty-two miles to London. Whew! what a ride was that, on a coach top for six hours, through English landscapes, in these railroad days! This coach route and its appointments are unlike anything else known. The *drivers* are amateur young English cockneys of wealth who *own* the line and run it at an annual loss of some three thousand dollars for the pleasure of reigning on the box as professional whips, and thus being enabled to “*talk hoss*” from actual experience. Our drivers were two of these gents—Captain Cooper

and Master Smith. No country but England grows such material. The horses were of rare strain and mettle, and were, with harness, and all appointments, in perfect condition. The day was brilliant but *very hot*. However we had umbrellas, and some breeze, and breezy Englishmen all about us. We sat in the best seat of all—on the rear with the guard, a hale and interesting old Scotchman, intelligent and clever, a veritable “Weller.” He had a silvered horn, and when we left Brighton, and as we passed through every village, and when finally we rode into London, he made the welkin ring with his clarion blasts. It was altogether a memorable ride. Still I must confess that the scenery did not equal my anticipations. There were many charming landscapes; many well built towns and many quaint hamlets; and besides, our way was enlivened by the guard rehearsing, with his spicy Scotch accent, the gossip, traditions, and legends associated with each locality. It was too, in the height of the English harvest. The roads were perfect. But there was less luxuriant fertility, and less perfection in culture, than I had expected to see. There were more neglected hedges, more weedy pastures, more tumble-down farm buildings than seemed suitable to Old England. Yet withal, perhaps the like in interest can seldom elsewhere be seen.

Our English friends on the coach top smoked nearly every inch of the way when they were not

eating or drinking. They were evidently Londoners who had taken a run to Brighton for a brief vacation, and they doubtless felt that they must improve the opportunity to have a good time. So with cigars, meerschaums, and pocket flasks liberally used, and as freely offered, without acceptance however by any but the guard—quite I fear to his detriment—they consumed the time. Conversation turned naturally upon current politics, and we had a good opportunity to come into contact with average Englishmen. They were all to a man, down on Gladstone for abolishing purchase by means of the Royal Warrant, and yet could not clearly say why. They claimed to be liberals; and yet they seemed to think that the hereditary right to the law making power of the aristocracy was a vast boon to England, because men were thus specially bred to make laws, and therefore, as their chief spokesman earnestly claimed, the world had never seen elsewhere, such consummate culture and ability as were seen in the House of Lords. The moral tone of our coach top friends was evidently below the average; for they were far more conversant with actors and the stage, than with leading men in the realm of mind or morals.

In London we took our old room at the Langham in the sky loft, seven stories up, whence we can look down with the birds.

August 12.—Very warm. A dense yellow London fog until ten o'clock, then it cleared up, and was fearfully hot—mercury ninety-two degrees in shade! and has been very high for some days. This is *sweaty* but glorious for the English harvests. W—— wanted to attend to some odds and ends to-day and go over some ground a second time to deepen his impressions; and I started off alone. Went to the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gardens, to see the International Exhibition. Just opposite the Hall I saw the Prince Albert Memorial, which the Queen is erecting in memory of her loss. This Memorial is as lofty as Scott's monument in Edinburgh, and is profusely adorned with groups of marble statuary in the highest style of art, representing scenes in the life of the lamented Prince Consort, relative mainly to the great World Exhibition which he inaugurated. The cost of its erection must be enormous. The International Exhibition was perfectly bewildering in variety, extent, beauty, interest, and every element for a great show. Paintings without number and of rare finish and cost, of the English, Belgian, and French Schools; statuary of great variety and beauty; machinery without end; jewelry, furniture, porcelain, cloths, tapestries, laces—an endless list. I gave up attempting even a glance, and leaving, went again by rail to the Kew Gardens, where I spent the remainder of the day. These are the great gardens of rare

shrubbery of the world. Nearly every evergreen which will grow out of the Tropics is here. I engaged one of the gardeners to go the round with me, and I catechised and learned. I will not attempt any description in detail. I saw a coffee tree, a tea plant, and in the great Palm House a wilderness of tropical vegetation. Palms with leaves over *twenty feet* long. I also saw a mahogany tree, a bamboo tree, and a cocoa palm. This vast Palm House doubtless gives one as vivid an idea of the wonders of Tropical vegetation as can possibly be obtained out of the Tropics. You can ascend spiral stairways to the lofty galleries which run around the building, and from thence you may look down upon the strangely varied and beautiful *forest* below. I lamented the want of time and strength leisurely to study this new world to my view. But the heat under the glass was nearly intolerable. I will state here that I never in my life suffered more from heat than to-day in these gardens. I was told the mercury stood at ninety-two degrees. The sun seemed literally to smite one. I was afraid to venture into the sunshine without the shield of an umbrella. Doubtless the great length of the summer day in this high latitude augments the sun's power.

In the evening, again at the Langham. W—— is now asleep. It is 12 o'clock and I ought to be asleep; but have been intent upon bringing up all arrearages in my journal. Have just received in a package the

last delightful letters of my dear wife and children at home; and now I will thankfully bid you good-night, trusting that I may have after rest, a profitable Sabbath, which indeed has now begun.

Sunday morning, August 13.—Again sunny and no rain. The Lord doubtless intends this for *harvest* weather. It continues intensely hot. He has opened His hand, to satisfy the desires of the millions of His creatures here. I went in the morning to the Tabernacle, near the “Elephant and Castle,” and again heard Spurgeon. W—— went to hear Archbishop Manning, the great pervert to Romanism, he wished to know what such a man could say, that he might learn the animus, and be prepared as a minister to deal with such errors, in this day, when atrocious delusions seem to be as abundant as is the light.

Spurgeon’s text was in Psalms civ: 17, 18: “Where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.” There was a great attendance notwithstanding the extreme heat, and that multitudes are now out of London in the country. The sermon was as simple as possible. His first observation was “that for all dwelling places there were provided by God appropriate creatures. Second—that for all creatures God had provided appropriate dwelling places. Third—that the place

where God had given each creature a shelter and a refuge is precisely the place for such creature." His closing remark was very suggestive. It was this:—"When the Lord provides the fir trees for the stork, and the hills for the goats, and the rocks for the conies; neither stork, or goat, or cony, begin to doubt, and hesitate, as to their right to enter the refuge provided. They *at once appropriate it*, and find their true home. But when Christ is offered to the creature man, as the refuge and home of the soul, he begins to doubt and hesitate, and say 'Christ cannot be intended for *me*; I am not worthy of such a Refuge,' and thus multitudes *fail of the great salvation*."

W—— has just come in. He did not hear Manning, but did hear Spurgeon, and was delighted.

In the evening went to the National Scotch Church, Crown Court, Drury Lane, and heard the noted Dr. Cumming preach, who has written so much upon the prophecies. He is a Scotchman and his church is almost wholly composed of Scotchmen resident in London. There was not a large audience, owing doubtless to the extreme heat. The church I should think will not hold over eight hundred, and is not easy of access, being in a narrow court, off from a narrow street, or lane. The text was from Jude, part of the third verse: "The common salvation." The manner of Dr. Cumming is very pleasing. He has an air of gentle cultured tenderness; his Scotch accent

is just discernible ; his enunciation distinct ; his voice musical and deliberate ; and his style of utterance conversational. Nothing could be more simple and effortless than his practical exposition of the freeness, adequacy, and accessibility to all, of the common salvation as a gift of God, like the air and sunlight, which we have only to accept. It may ever be had for the asking. His illustrations were very familiar, and the sermon altogether was a first class exhortation.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON AND OXFORD.

Chalk Region. Elms in English Landscapes. The Thames above London. Hounslow. Reading. Oxford. Colleges and Halls. Great Bell. Pusey. Portraits. Beauty of Grounds. Deer in Park. Addison's Walk. Noted Graduates. Martyr's Memorial. London. The Commons. Horse-Shed for Members. Great Debate on the Royal Warrant in Abolishing Purchase. Fawcett. Harcourt. Gladstone. Westminster Hall and Statues. Statues in Parliament Houses. Statue of Oliver Cromwell.

August 14.—Very pleasant, and quite a cool breeze, relieving the extreme heat of yesterday, when the thermometer reached ninety-one degrees in London in the shade. Started at 10 A. M. for Oxford, about fifty-two miles distant. The country nearly all the way a chalk formation. The soil not deep or very fertile, but easily wrought, and apparently well adapted to wheat and oats, of which we saw large quantities in the fields, and being harvested. A marked and beautiful peculiarity of English landscapes is the abundance of elms planted in the hedge-rows, and on the lines marking the boundaries of

fields. These trees, to prevent their shading the growing crops too much, are trimmed up for about forty feet and then the tops are allowed to grow. The trunks also, where trimmed, become wreathed in short branches and are often green with ivy. These long lines of dark English elms standing like faithful sentinels in every direction, give a charming effect to the views on all sides. The country between London and Oxford is very level. We followed up the Thames which soon after leaving London became a quiet and rural river, not so large as our Cuyahoga, but sylvan in its banks and meadow stretches, and abounding in islands. At Oxford the Isis and Cherwell, two smaller streams, unite and form the Thames. On our way we had a distant view of Windsor Castle, the present royal residence, near London. We also passed through Hounslow, where Cromwell encamped his army after his victories over Charles I. Also we passed through Reading, where Laud was born.

Reached Oxford about noon. Bought guide books and engaged a guide to show us the great city of colleges; and we at once entered upon our tramp. There are in Oxford twenty-three endowed colleges; all having separate grounds and buildings, and most of them chapels, dining halls and libraries. There are besides these in the city, fourteen Halls, so called, or unendowed schools, in many respects equal to the colleges, and many of the Halls also having fine grounds and buildings. There is quite a large

cathedral in the city; but they are repairing it, and we could not get in. These colleges were founded successively between 1149 and 1714. Most of them are four to six hundred years old. They are all built of a light sandstone, obtained in the neighborhood, which crumbles through exposure so rapidly that the buildings look (although of solid stone) as though they were built of poor crumbling plaster. In some places I could push the end of my umbrella into the decaying walls and pillars as though they had been sand and lime. We were bewildered with the extent of the colleges, as we went through one after another; all in some respects resembling the others, but some having much larger and more beautiful grounds. All the colleges taken together constitute the University of Oxford, which elects a member to the House of Commons. I can not particularize the buildings further than to note some special details. It is claimed that the oldest college was founded by King Alfred the Great. It is said also that Christ Church college was founded by Cardinal Wolsey. In the tower of this college is the largest bell, with one exception, in England; it weighs over seven and a half tons. The famous Pusey resides in this college. In the great dining hall are portraits of Lord Mansfield, 1756; Cardinal Wolsey, 1526; Henry VIII., 1547; Queen Elizabeth, 1561; George Canning, 1827, and many others. There is also the chair of Henry VIII., the seat looks very narrow for his burly form.

The most beautiful college of all is the Magdalen, said to have been founded in 1447. The buildings however are not of that age. The grounds are very large and of exquisite beauty. The river Cherwell runs through them. There is a large park with exquisite old elms standing thickly on the soft green sward, and we saw there a herd of at least fifty deer and fawns, quietly feeding and some of them resting directly under the windows of the building. In these grounds is the famous Addison's Walk. You have at home a stereoscopic view of it. Addison was a graduate of this college. The chapel of this college is of great beauty. The east wall is crowded with some forty statues in niches; and behind the altar there is a large painting, nearly three centuries old, by one of the old masters, of Christ bearing the cross, which is said to be valued at fifty thousand dollars. The paintings we saw in the halls of other colleges, many of them rare and costly, were very numerous. We went through the world renowned Bodleian Library, but had time only for a glance at its vast extent and rare treasures.

A host of eminent men have graduated from the colleges in Oxford. I can name but a few: Dr. Samuel Johnson; George Whitfield; the poet Shenstone, from Pembroke College; Sir Philip Sidney; Ben Johnson; John Wesley; William Penn; John Locke; Lord Bolingbroke; Mr. Gladstone, the present Premier; J. Ruskin, from Christ Church college;

Butler, the author of the *Analogy*; Sir Walter Raleigh; Richard Whately, from Ariel college; John Hooper, the martyr; Wickliffe, the translator of the Bible into English, from Merton college; Fox, the martyrologist; Hampden, from Magdalen college; F. W. Robertson, from Brasinose; Archdeacon Philpot, the martyr, burnt in Smithfield in 1555, from New college; Sir Christopher Wren, from Wadham college; Lord Chatham; Lord North, from Trinity college, and Adam Smith, from Balliol college. The Martyrs Memorial in Oxford, erected in commemoration of Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Ridley and Latimer, who were tried, condemned, and burned at the stake in this city, for their adherence to the truth, is of the highest interest. The pile is seventy-three feet in height, of admirable proportions, and contains statues by Weekes of each of the martyred prelates. Nothing in Oxford surpasses this Memorial in the appropriateness and harmony of its adornments, or in its historic significance. Returned to London in the evening.

London, August 15.—Beautiful day. In afternoon attended the House of Commons. A novel feature attracts one's attention in the court yard from which you enter the Parliament Houses, namely, an open horse-shed, a short distance to the right of the great entrance hall. This shed, which is nearly as primitive as those provided for our rural churches in America, is supplied for the horses on which members

in attendance have ridden. The Iron Duke, I believe, generally rode to Parliament on horseback; and you will remember that Sir Robert Peel was killed by a fall from his horse, shortly after an attendance in Parliament.

The debate in the Commons this evening was expected to be of unusual interest; as it had been understood that the Government would now explain the grounds upon which it had abolished Purchase, by means of the Royal Warrant. In this, we were not disappointed. The debate was opened by Mr. Fawcett, the member for Brighton, who attacked the government with considerable severity for advising the Queen to abrogate by Royal Warrant the system of purchase of commissions in the army and navy; declaiming against the exercise of a Royal *prerogative*, as he persisted in calling it, and insisting that the matter had better have remained where it was, until Parliament should by statute effect a change. I will here explain that some weeks previous to this a bill had passed the House of Commons, abolishing purchase, but it was unceremoniously thrown out in the House of Lords. *Purchase* is a very favorite matter with the Lords; for they have many younger sons for whom they wish to provide commissions in the public service, which will give them permanent rank and support. The Attorney General then replied to Fawcett, stating that the Queen had not resorted to *prerogative*; but that she was clothed with the special

power she had used, by the statute of 1809, relative to the matter; and that she had acted simply *under that law* by the advice of her ministers, to correct a great public wrong. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, member for Oxford, then replied to the Attorney General; reiterating the charges of Fawcett, and calling upon the Premier to avow the ground he held, in the matter. It was very remarkable, that both in Fawcett's and Harcourt's speeches, it was gravely stated on the floor of the House of Commons, that strong currents of public opinion were setting in for the radical reconstruction of the *House of Lords itself*. These members, while the Lords were in session in another wing of the Parliament House, not only assumed in open debate that it was but a *question of time* when the Upper House would be reconstructed; but they took the occasion to ventilate their views as to the best method of doing it; and Mr. Fawcett especially, hastened to give his *ideal* of a truly reformed House of Lords—an ideal which would strike an American familiar with the working of free suffrage, as practically Utopian. In this debate, neither Fawcett or Harcourt seemed to me to stand in the front rank in a great deliberative body. Their speeches had evidently been carefully prepared, and were ambitious, not to say actually stilted in style, and were delivered quite artificially, with little naturalness of action, and with much monotony of tone. Their historical citations as to the use of the Royal prerogative, savored

more of declamation for popular effect, than of a discriminating application to the present question. These attacks called the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, to his feet, and I was fortunate in hearing from him a masterly, and as it seemed to me, triumphant defence of the government. As he claimed, the act of the Queen was not the use of a Royal prerogative at all, in the inviduous historical sense as an exercise of a power by the Crown abridging popular freedom. On the contrary the act was wholly in the interest of freedom; and instead of enlarging, it actually limited —nay, it in fact abdicated—a power with which the Crown had been clothed by the act of Parliament of 1809. He admitted that it would have been greatly better if purchase had been directly abolished by act of Parliament; thus providing more equitably for every case of special hardship which might arise. But after the Government had done its utmost to accomplish this, and had procured the passage of a bill for this purpose by a great majority in the Commons, the Lords had summarily thrown it out on the second reading. There was no alternative then, but acquiescence in the continuance of a monstrous public wrong, disastrous in its influence upon the army and navy, or its abolition through the exercise of the discretion given to the Crown, and by which the Queen had declared that she would no longer sanction a suspension of the act of 1809, as to purchase in the army and navy; but would relegate such

purchase to the penalties and disabilities affixed to purchase in all other cases by that act. In his allusion to the Lords, Mr. Gladstone, with courtesy but great emphasis, insisted upon the extreme unwisdom of their course; but while alluding to the references in the debate to a reconstruction of that House, he dexterously avoided any utterance which would commit the Government. The speech was in excellent temper and was an admirable exhibition of the readiness, range, and grasp of a practiced and powerful debater. Gladstone is assailed on all sides, but though he may be overborne, his sympathies are strongly with the people, and in the end he will triumph; or rather, his principles will.

The great entrance to the Parliament Houses is through old Westminster Hall, where Charles I. was tried, and also Warren Hastings. This is said to be the largest single room unsupported by columns in the world. The roof although built in the time of Henry VIII. is of great architectural beauty. In this room there are life-size marble statues of James I., Charles I., Charles II., William III. and Queen Mary his wife, William IV., and George IV. In the new Hall of the Parliament Houses are full size marble statues of great beauty and doubtless faithful likenesses, of Hampden, Clarendon, Falkland, Selden, Walpole, Sowers, Chatham, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Burke and Grattan.

Across the street from the Parliament Houses, and facing them, a life-size marble statue of Oliver Cromwell has just been set up. His back is toward Westminster Abbey—where England honors her distinguished dead by statues and memorial tablets; but where no place has been assigned to as great a man as England ever knew. It is far more fitting however that he should now stand in deference to a healthful reaction in the public mind, facing the entrance of the House of Commons, which he was a main instrument in making the dominant force in the English constitution. The statue is by a Mr. Noble, and nobly it is done. Old Oliver stands like a tower of strength, as though on the battle-field, directing the movement of his forces. He is bare-headed—his broad brimmed military hat having fallen behind him—his right hand leans on his sword, and his left is partially raised, as if about to give direction to his army. His head and face are instinct with the expression of broad-hearted intellect, conscious responsibility, and indomitable will. I have seen no marble image so full of the highest type of human power and life.

C H A P T E R X.

LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

Westminster Abbey. British Museum—Vast Extent and Variety. Rossetta Stone. Terra Cotta Tablets Six Centuries before Christ. Typographical Curiosities. Alexandrine Manuscript. Old Copies of Shakespeare. Steamboat before Watt. Cheap Clothing. Cambridge. Red Lion. The Bull, or Commercial versus Family Hotel. Roof-Raisers. Cleanliness of Environs of London. Christ's Church School, London. Dress of Boys. Colleges in Cambridge. Officials. King's College Chapel. Trinity College. Sir Isaac Newton. Library. Statues. Relics. Milton. Robert Hall.

August 16.—Beautiful day, and comfortable temperature. Made some purchases in the morning, and in the afternoon I went again for a short time to Westminster Abbey. I shall attempt no description of this majestic mausoleum. It is of the finest English Gothic; its nave and transepts, with their lofty ceiling adorned with an endless tracery of groined and graceful arches, its stained windows, its vast stone columns, bearing up as if light as air, the mighty weight of the stone roof; and then crowded along all its aisles, the clustering statues and memorials of the dead—all

blend to fix attention in solemn musing upon the *great past*, amid the roar of present London life rushing around this mighty sepulchre.

Afterward I went again to the British Museum. I can only refer briefly to this marvelous assemblage of the most rare and costly and precious illustrations of history in all its branches, natural, civil and religious, and of the civilization, customs and arts of every great race, and in nearly every age of the world. Here are the Assyrian sculptures and tablets taken by Layard from Ninevah. Here is the priceless Rossetta stone, which gave the clue by which the multitudinous inscriptions in cuneiform character have been deciphered and read, throwing floods of light upon Old Testament history; here are tablets in terra cotta, dated about six hundred and fifty years before Christ, attesting the sale of a slave girl, Arbaci Khirat, and others, of about the same date, attesting the exchange of slaves. Here are Grecian statues, and capitals, pediments and parts of columns from Grecian temples at Athens, and elsewhere. Here are Roman statues and busts. Here are Egyptian tombs, and the dead embalmed and laid in them, but now brought to light after thousands of years, and their names and offices discovered. Here are endless illustrations of natural history in all departments, mineral, vegetable, and animal, both as to the fossil ages, and present forms of life. Here are humming birds of a hundred species; the English nightingale, and the great bird

of paradise. Here are manuscripts of rarest value,—such as the writing of Queen Elizabeth,—of the author of the Junius letters,—of John Locke, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Pope, Johnson, Coleridge, Byron, Macaulay, Burns, Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Addison, Nelson, Melanchthon, Martin Luther, and John Calvin. Here is the famous and priceless Alexandrine manuscript of the Bible, written on parchment in Greek about the middle of the fifth century. Here are specimens of the earliest printing, from 1455 to 1695. Here are typographical curiosities, such as an English Bible given to Henry VIII. in 1540. Here are copies of Shakespeare's plays, entitled “An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, as it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the right Honorable the L. of Humfdon his servants, 1595.” Another, entitled “Most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare, 1619.” I also saw here an old work attesting the application of steam to propelling boats, long before the day of James Watt, who, as the tradition runs, had the idea of the power of steam suggested to him by seeing it raise the lid of his mother's tea-kettle. The book I refer to is entitled “Description and Draught of a New Invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any harbour, Port or River, against Wind and Tide—By

Jonathan Hulls, 1737."—with drawings of the boat, and a stern paddle wheel, and steam represented as escaping from a funnel amidships. Here also are casts in wax of the great seals, from three to six inches in diameter, of all the kings of England, from King John to George I., and also great Baronial and Ecclesiastical seals. These were rude methods in those medieval days of attesting royal grants, and charters, and instruments by which rights were conferred, or property transferred.

August 17.—Still pleasant, but cooler. Busy in forenoon with W—— shopping in London. W—— has just purchased a traveling coat, pants, and vest, of very fair woolen cloth, made to order, having been measured for them, for about *thirteen dollars* gold, all told! and they are an excellent fit. What think you of that—ye patrons of Cleveland tailors?

In the afternoon we started by train for Cambridge, about fifty-five miles northerly of London. We arrived at 7 P. M., and had quite a ludicrous search for a hotel. On inquiring we learned that the "Commercial" hotel (I give the terms used) was the "Red Lion," and the "Family" hotel was the "Bull,"—the latter the more select and charges higher. I inclined to the "Bull," but W——, in a spasm of economy, inclined to the "Red Lion." Desiring to encourage economy, I yielded and we posted on the buss for the "Lion." On the way we passed the "Bull," and W—— said "Lion."

Soon we came to the "Lion," and then W—— said "Bull," but too late for consistency. So we entered the "Lion," finding troops of young men hanging round. However we soon got fair rooms, and a good supper, and tired W—— has gone to sleep, having had the feather bed changed. I am posting the journal at 10:20 P. M., fresh and hale as a good supper and ginger beer would naturally make me. Meanwhile the young men hanging round, turn out to be a club of "Roof-Raisers," and they are having a supper and songs, and are filling the house with the sound of their merriment.

The country as we left London for thirty miles, was surpassingly beautiful. Green and sylvan adorned with hill and vale and endless lines of elms, and lanes bordered with hedges, with fine roads and frequent streams. We struck the chalk formation about twenty miles from Cambridge, when the soil became thinner, and Cambridge we found on a perfectly flat chalk plain. One thing is very remarkable relative to the environs of London. On whatever side we have left the great city, we enter at once into the sweet, pure country air, with no crossing of nauseous and fetid manufacturing regions, poisoning the air with smells offensive to the sense and health. London is certainly a very clean city. By the way, just as we left the city we saw one of the boys belonging to the "Christ's Church" London school, where Coleridge and Lamb attended when young. I refer to this boy



o bare-headed, have
thing to the ankles,
ne waist, and short
bright yellow drawers
is school has a great
the very heart of Old
ns centuries ago. But
leep if the roaring "Roof-

gnt morning and pleasant temper-
rained a little in the night. Slept
nicely after the "Roof-Raisers" ceased their carousal.
They broke up about 12 o'clock, and from the disgrace-
ful uproar they made in the street I judge that half
of them were drunk and the balance tipsy. These
carousals are ruinous to young men.

After breakfast, procured a guide and entered upon our tour of the colleges of Cambridge University. These colleges are seventeen in number, and each, while independent and having its own Master or Head, is subject to the laws of the University, in the government of which all have a voice. The principal officer nominally is the Chancellor; but actually the Vice Chancellor, who is elected each year from one of the Heads of the colleges, and becomes thus for a year "the governor of this literary commonwealth." These facts I derived nearly as stated from the Guide Book; and also the names of other subordinate

officials, which sound
For instance, the three
occasions precede the Vic
massive silver mace. Ther
Public Orator, and Syndics,
as University officials. Each
“who are maintained by the revenue of the Foundation.” Among the Undergraduates there are Pensioners, who—contrary to the idea naturally suggested by the word—are regular students who pay their way; then there are Scholars, who are elected on examination, and who have monied aid; and Sizars, who “have their commons free, and receive various emoluments.”

Cambridge contains not far from thirty thousand people. It is a quaint old town with narrow and winding streets, and mainly, old tile-roofed houses. I shall make only a few desultory references to the colleges—noting some particulars. More than this, with but a few hours examination would be impracticable.

Pembroke College was founded in 1367. Rogers, Bradley and Ridley—three martyrs—were all of this college. Here is a marble bust of William Pitt, by Chantrey. Pitt was a graduate of Pembroke. The combination room, (where the fellows, after dinner, meet to take their dessert and wine,) contains a portrait of the poet Spencer, one of William Pitt, and one of the poet Gray—author of the Elegy.

Queen's College was founded in 1448. Erasmus was during his stay in England, a resident in this college, and his room is pointed out.

King's College was founded in 1443. It is chiefly remarkable for its chapel, completed by Henry VIII. This is one of the most beautiful and noted buildings in the perpendicular Gothic style in the world—a marvel of grace, harmony and grandeur. Its length is three hundred and sixteen feet, its breadth eighty-four feet, and the height inside from pavement to the stone ceiling fully eighty feet. There are no aisles—the whole being one long nave, with twenty-five immense stained glass windows, of the age of Henry VIII., in the most gorgeous style of coloring and perfectness in the scenic subjects vividly portrayed. The ceiling is of stone wrought with faultless skill into groined arches in fan tracery, with pendants, or keystones, each weighing a ton ; and yet this ceiling of enormous weight, spanning the entire width, with no support but the side walls, and stretching in length over three hundred feet in one amazing perspective, is borne up with a grace and harmony of combination as though it were light as air. Henry VIII., in a beautiful screen of carved oak erected by him at the entrance to the choir in the nave, combined the insignia and initials of Anne Boleyn, with his own. How cruelly on his part they were soon after sundered. I shall bring home views of this interior and also exterior.

Trinity College, which stands peerless amid its fellows, was founded in 1324. Sir Isaac Newton was a graduate of this college; and his rooms, and the tower which he used as an observatory, over the main entrance to the great court, are still preserved. The great dining hall contains portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Bacon and John Dryden, all of whom were graduates of Trinity. The great library interested me much more than the famous Bodleian, of Oxford. You have at home a stereoscopic view of its interior. In this library are seen the telescope which Sir Isaac Newton used. It is of oak, an octagonal cylinder—about eight inches in diameter by six feet long—and has a metallic reflector. Here are also the globe and mathematical instruments which Newton used. There are also two locks of his hair, silver white and soft—taken after death when he was nearly ninety. Also a plaster cast of his face taken after death, and a very spirited marble bust of him when about fifty, by Roubiliac. Here also is a life size marble statue of Byron (who was a graduate of Trinity) by Thorwaldsen. Macaulay was also a graduate of Trinity, and also Tennyson, of whom there is a marble bust here. There are some rare curiosities in this library. Among others the wooden comb used by Henry VIII., about eight inches long by six inches wide. Also a book of which but one other copy is extant, entitled “The Passionate Pilgrime, by W. Shakespeare—London 1599.” Also the

original of an Indulgence granted to Nathan Hickman, and to his relations to the second degree inclusive, and also to twenty-five other persons to be named by him on certain conditions—by Pope Clement XII. The telescope which Newton used, above referred to, has a brass tablet on it with this inscription, “G. Harue, London. Fecit.” In this library is also the original manuscript in part, in Milton’s writing of “Paradise Lost.”

St. John’s College; founded in 1516. Henry Kirke White, and William Wordsworth, were graduates of this college. Jesus’ College founded in 1497. Archbishop Cranmer, burnt at the stake in Oxford in 1556, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge graduated from this college. We saw the room Coleridge occupied. Christ’s College was founded in 1505. Dr. Paley and John Milton were graduates from this college. In the beautiful garden of the college we saw the noted mulberry tree planted by Milton in 1633. It is still green and is bearing fruit abundantly. We plucked leaves from it. It gives evidence of its great age.

Robert Hall was once pastor of the Baptist church in Cambridge. We visited the chapel on St. Andrews street, which was once filled with admiring throngs attending upon his preaching; and we saw the lecture room in which he so often suffered from his dreadful spinal trouble, and frequently smoked to soothe the pain before going into the pulpit.

CHAPTER XI.

ELY TO EDINBURGH.

Ely Cathedral. In the Fens. Age, Style, and Great Beauty. Lady Chapel. Costly Adornments. Great Norman Tower. Peterborough Cathedral—Its Staff. York. Ancient Hotel. The City. Old Wall. Roman Associations. St. Mary's Abbey. Blind Asylum. Beautiful Crown Land. York Minster—Service—Sermon. Form. Baptist Chapel and Preacher. Trouble at the Black Swan Hotel. Museum. Magnificent View from Cathedral Tower. Oscillation of Rail Cars. Berwick on Tweed. Scotland. Edinburgh.

Left Cambridge about 5 o'clock, and came to Ely—about twenty miles northerly—one of the oldest cathedral towns in England. Arrived about 6:50, and put up at the Lamb Hotel. Got into the cathedral a few moments in the long twilight, and we are to go again by appointment at 7:30 in the morning.

August 19.—Beautiful morning. Went to the cathedral. This is the finest specimen of the old Norman style in the kingdom. Ely was originally an island, and is now surrounded for many miles on

every side by low flat land called the fens. The cathedral stands on the crown of the rise of land. The part first built of the present structure, was occupied in 1106. Other portions have been added from time to time as the centuries followed each other. For instance, the Gallilee Porch was completed in 1215, and is a beautiful example of the early English, or pointed style. The old major tower, which was of stone, fell in 1322, destroying three great arches of the nave. In a short time afterward these arches were rebuilt, and a wooden lantern, covered with lead, erected in place of the tower. Subsequently two great additions were made to the length of the nave toward the east. The whole cathedral is five hundred and seventeen feet long,—breadth of nave and aisles seventy-five feet,—length of transept one hundred and ninety-seven and one-half feet,—inside height of the nave, ninety feet. The screen separating the choir from the nave is of carved oak of the most exquisite workmanship, and is modern, also the stalls in the choir. Standing inside near the east end, and looking westward over four hundred feet, down the entire nave, ninety feet in height, bounded first, with six bays of early English arches,—then three bays of decorated English,—then the spacious octagon under the great lantern, with its lofty and graceful tracery of blending groined arches,—and then twelve bays of massive and lofty recessed Norman arches, springing from clustered columns of solid

stone,—and over all, the ceiling, apparently lofty as the sky, painted in fresco with brilliant representations of Scripture subjects, and you have a combination of height, and vast perspective—of ponderous solidity, and aerial grace—of solemn and ancient simplicity, and of elaborate and brilliant adornment, which is thought to be unsurpassed by any architectural view in Europe. There is, besides this mammoth structure, a lady chapel on the north side of the cathedral, of stone, elaborately adorned, one hundred feet long, forty-six feet broad and sixty feet high from pavement to ceiling. The modern adornments in the interior of the cathedral are of regal elegance. The grand organ is perched like a bird on the wing, high up on the side of one of the great arched bays. The altar cloth is covered with the rarest and most costly embroidery, and the reredos, or screen of sculptured alabaster behind the altar, and just before the great end window as you look east from the choir, is probably not surpassed by anything in England. It is full of beautifully wrought statuary representing scenes in the life of our Lord; and the spiral columns which divide the scenes, are adorned with winding rows of cornelian and blood-stone brilliants—real gems—set in the alabaster. Ely seems to have remarkably attracted volunteer labor in its restoration and adornment. The frescoes on the ceiling of some three hundred feet in length of the nave, are the work of two amateur artists—gentlemen of fortune—who

gave the better part of their lives to this labor of love; and the altar cloth is the result of the life-long gratuitous labor of two sisters of noted skill in embroidery. There is no end to the beauty of adornment concentrated here; but for practical religious purposes it is a mere show. We remained a few moments to hear the great organ at the 10 o'clock services, and listened for a time to the mechanical intoning of the collect. There were, including ourselves, but fifteen persons present, aside from the officials.

The great Norman tower on the west front of the cathedral I have not spoken of. It is not to be compared in grace and soaring majesty with the Salisbury tower and spire; but there is a weird mystery about its huge outlines and massive combinations which makes an impression not to be forgotten. It seems to be a lofty embodiment of the ideas of castellated grandeur in medieval times.

We left Ely, and about noon arrived at Peterborough, still going north. Here is another ancient cathedral—in the Norman Style, with Early English additions—not so vast or beautiful as Ely, but yet of great interest. To give some idea of the expensiveness of these cathedral establishments, I will note the staff of the one at Peterborough: One Bishop; one Dean; four Canons Resident; three Minor Canons, one being Precentor; one Master of Choristers; twelve Lay Clerks, paid and honorary; sixteen Choristers,

paid and supernumerary ; one School Master ; one Usher ; twenty Scholars on Foundation ; six Alms-women ; five Vergers, Bedesmen, etc. Quite an establishment to perform on week days for fifteen to twenty hearers ! However, on the Sabbath, they say there are often quite large congregations. May they do all the good they can ; but I am sure that whatever good is done, is not the fruit of the millinery and intoning.

Leaving Peterborough, we went still north, to old York. All the way we rode through a strikingly flat country—like our western prairies. On our way we crossed Marston Moor, where Cromwell obtained his decisive victory over Charles I. I neglected to state that Paley was born at Peterborough. I have just read what I have written to W——, and he says I do not do the cathedrals justice ; for he saw in Chester, the Sabbath he was there, an audience estimated at two thousand ; and we also saw large audiences on the Sabbath in London, in St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey.

We arrived in the city of York, in Yorkshire county, at evening, and put up at the Black Swan Hotel. This is on Coney street, old and narrow. A hotel has been kept in *this house* over two hundred years. The city of York contains about fifty thousand people. It is very ancient. Is an old Roman town, said to have been founded nine hundred and eighty-three years before Christ. The Roman Emperor Severus lived

here three years, and died here. The great Roman Emperor Constantine was *born* here in the year 272. Portions of the old wall remain, and furnish, as in Chester, a delightful promenade, with fine views of the old city and neighboring country. The river Ouse runs through the city. After supper, we walked around the great York Minster cathedral, of which you have stereoscopic views at home. We spend the Sabbath here and expect to attend service there in the morning. We then went in the bright twilight to the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. This was in Papal times a great monastic establishment; but now a large part of the materials in the ruins have been removed and used in the erection of buildings. Henry VIII. built from the ruins a large establishment which is now most profitably occupied as an asylum for the blind. We saw troops of the blind girls enjoying an evening walk in the fine garden around the asylum. The spacious grounds of the Abbey run down a charming slope to the river side. The property is now Crown land; but has been leased at a nominal rent to the citizens of York, who have laid out a garden of remarkable beauty of lawn, shrubbery, and vista—including the picturesque ruins of the old Abbey. We caught some views of rich sylvan beauty—showing in luxuriant perspective, lawn, trees, and distant hillsides as seen *through* the openings of the lofty ruined arches of the Abbey, which we have never seen surpassed.

Sunday, August 20.—Very bright in the early morning, but soon clouded, and afterward misty and wet. In forenoon attended the cathedral and sat within the choir. I realized that “distance lends enchantment to the view;” for you have at home a stereoscopic view of the choir in York Minster, and the picture looks finer than the reality. It is not to be compared in beauty with the choir at Ely. In fact *that interior*, as yet, far transcends anything we have seen, and the Salisbury cathedral takes the unquestioned precedence as to the *exterior*. We are becoming quite conversant with cathedrals. The service this morning was in the utter extreme of the form. There were not over three hundred people in the vast cathedral, including the surpliced staff, who were vergered, and beaded,—marched, and counter-marched,—in wearisome monotony. The service was *intoned*. This is indescribable. It is a combination of a pseudo solemn tone, tune, and drawl. You don’t know whether the official is singing, or speaking, and I doubt if he is certain which; and were you not somewhat familiar with the collect it would be difficult to understand what was uttered. But *finally* it ended; and the verger with his silver staff conducted the minor canon (who was to preach) to the pulpit; and the preacher then gave us a twenty-five minute sermon, upon the children mocking the prophet Elisha; from which I got a new idea, namely, that the expression of the mockers, “Go up, thou bald

head," was a blasphemous utterance of their contempt for the Divine act by which Elijah had been *taken up* by God, as *typical* of the subsequent ascension of the Redeemer. This, in a measure accounts for the swift punishment of the blasphemers. The Lord's prayer was repeated in the service about six times. When they recited the creed the whole congregation turned to the *east*, and when the name of Christ was uttered in the creed, all bowed.

W—— has gone out this afternoon to look into the chapels, and get portions of as many sermons as he can hear. He is always on the alert to hear a sermon; for this, he says, he cannot often do at home. Tell my son J——, now at home, to get Hugh Miller's "First Impressions of England and Its People," from my library in the study, and read his admirable comment upon the cathedral service in York.

In the evening we went to the Baptist church and heard quite a refreshing sermon from a Mr. Smythe. After the sermon W—— introduced himself; and Mr. Smythe engaged to come to the Black Swan in the morning and go with us to the Museum.

Monday morning, August 21.—Sunny in early morning, but clouded up and rained some; afterward the day became beautiful. Our landlady of the "Black Swan" was in far more than a "peck of trouble," this morning. It seems that her man waiter, and the chambermaid—both aspiring young persons

in the flush of youthful imagination—had gone off together, bag and “luggage,” (as they say here,) and the Black Swan had plenty to do beside “singing.” However, the bar-maid turned in as waiter; and we fared very well at breakfast; and we greatly comforted our hostess by assuring her that we did not suffer in the least through her calamity. “Servants,” she says, “have come to a great pass, these days.” So it appears that old England is not exempt from such catastrophies.

Mr. Smythe came, and we went to the Museum; and again viewed the picturesque old St. Mary’s Abbey. The Museum is specially rich in geological fossils, and the collections of birds. We saw the nightingale—would that we could have seen and heard it alive! We saw also the Swift, a small bird, but with enormous surface and power of wing, and said, (as you will remember in “Argyle’s Reign of Law,”) to be the *swiftest* of all birds, and capable of flying one hundred miles an hour. We then went again to the cathedral and were taken by the verger into the chapter room; and afterwards into the crypt. Then we ascended to the top of the tower, and obtained a magnificent view of a vast English landscape. We must have commanded in our view a sweep of country at least sixty miles in diameter. A great part of Yorkshire county—which is the empire county of England—lay below us, in all the luxuriance of the highest cultivation and adornment.

At 3 o'clock we left in the train for Edinburgh. Our train was the Scotch express, and ran very rapidly; but the oscillating motion of the short English cars is *excessive*, beyond anything ever known at home. It kept us bobbing, shuffling, wriggling and grumbling, (I mean good naturedly,) all the way. W—— had a guide book, and was a capital mentor for me. He shook every castle out of the book, and notified me as we passed them on our way. We went through Newcastle-on-Tyne, the great coal field and coal dealing city; passing scores of smoking chimneys. At Berwick we crossed the Tweed and entered old Scotland; and at 9 P. M. we reached Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XII.

EDINBURGH.

Picturesque Surroundings. Statues. Scott's Monument. Calton Hill. Burns' Monument. Autograph Letters and Souvenirs of Burns. Queen's Drive. Salisbury Craigs. Arthur's Seat. Magnificent Views. Frith. German Ocean. Lothians. Pentland Hills. Duddingston Loch. Craigmillar Castle. Covenanters' Caverns. Walter Scott's Favorite Walk. Jeanie Dean's Cottage. Girls on Horseback in the Drive. The Ranger and his Scotch Wife. Their Library. Holyrood Palace. Queen Mary's Apartments. Rizzio's Death. Darnley's Death. Bothwell. John Knox. Canongate Street. Its Closes. Ancient Splendor; Modern Squalor. Tolbooth. John Knox's House. Old Parliament House. Court Room where Sir Walter Scott was Clerk. St. Giles' Church. King James and Knox. Chalmers' House—The Grange—His Grave. Hugh Miller's Grave—Bore Stone—Inscription. Flodden Field.

Edinburgh, August 22.—Were delighted to find at the Balmoral Hotel a package of letters, forwarded to us from London. Commenced our round at 10 o'clock, having secured a very intelligent Scotchman with a fly. At the first glance by morning light, it was evident that we had seen no city so truly picturesque as this. On leaving the Balmoral Hotel, on

Princes street, and going southerly we passed a marble statue of Allan Ramsey. The head and face were beautiful. Back of the statue on the hill, is the cottage where he died; we afterward saw the shop in Canongate street, where he commenced business as a bookseller; and the dwelling adjoining, where he lived. Tell J—— to look in Chamber's Cyclopaedia of Literature in my library, and he will learn of Allan Ramsay. Next, we passed Scott's monument, familiar to us from our picture of it at home, which is very faithful. The location of this monument under the hill, has been criticised; but I think it could not be better placed to keep it in the eye of the great mass of the population. The statue of Scott seated within, is admirable; and the tall monument above, is a striking and complete specimen of florid Gothic. We next passed the statue in bronze of Professor Wilson, (Christopher North); then riding under Calton Hill, and in front of the High school, where Brougham and Jeffrey were instructed, we came to the monument of Robert Burns. This is between Calton Hill, of which you have a stereoscopic view, and Arthur's Seat, above Salisbury Craigs. It looks out upon the new city on the right, and the old city, with its quaint and irregular outlines, terminating in the Castle perched on high upon a mighty rock, which itself is a fortress. Let us enter the monument to Burns. It is a circular stone building of one story, surrounded with

a colonnade. There is no statue of the poet within, but a marble bust; and arranged around the interior are likenesses and mementos of Burns. We spent some time in noting these. He was a child of nature; deeply interesting, not only for his rare genius, but for his ingenuousness. Yet, poor Burns! how abundant, even in this monumental temple to his memory, are the evidences of failings, not only, but a stronger word is needed—his conscious sins. A letter is shown here, by Burns to John Tennant, dated December 22, 1788, in which he discants at great length upon the rare qualities of some whisky; a barrel of which he doubtless had received from Tennant, who was either a distiller or whisky merchant. In July, 1796, about eight short years after, the London *Herald*, exhibited here, notices the death of Burns—a death, beyond dispute, greatly hastened by dissipation. There is here a plaster cast of the head of Burns, taken after death. Also a sword cane, carried by him, when exciseman; a bit of oat-meal cake, made by his wife, and—sad memento!—the “Drinking Quaigh” (or cup) used by him—too freely used—in “Auld Nanse Tinnock.” There is also here a piece of one of the wooden rafters from the roof of the cottage where Burns was born; worm-eaten doubtless when it upheld the humble shelter for the infant poet, as it is worm-eaten now, and yet more lasting than the house of clay which was made instinct with the life and charms of his soul. So, even genius fades

swiftly from present view. There is here the original, in Burns' writing, of the "Kirk's Alarm." The picture we have of Burns in our library, is a copy of an engraving preserved here. There are some strange and tender autograph letters preserved here as mementos; one to his "Clarinda," who either then, or afterwards, was a Mrs. McLehose; whose portrait and album are also here preserved. We copied this letter and I give it in full; I know not whether it is in his life or published letters; but it is strikingly illustrative of a heart too often wayward; and yet so ingenuous in penitence, and so susceptible to religious obligation, as to be of the most winning interest. But it ought never so to win us, as to prompt extenuation, or obliviousness of the wrongs, whatever they may have been, which he laments. This is the letter:

"TO CLARINDA:—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." "I have suffered, Clarinda from your letter. My soul was in arms at the sad perusal. I dreaded that I had acted wrong. If I have robbed of—(the word following is illegible)—God forgive me. But, Clarinda, be comforted. Let us raise the tone of our feelings a little higher and bolder. A fellow creature who leaves us—who spurns us without just cause—though once our bosom friend,—up with a little honest pride,—let them go. How shall I comfort you who am the cause of the injury? Can I wish that I had never seen you? That we had never met? No, I never will. But, have I thrown you friendless? There is almost distraction in that thought! Father of mercies! Against Thee often have I sinned! Through Thy grace I will endeavor to do so no more. She whom thou knowest is dearer to me than myself! pour thou the balm of peace into her past wounds, and hedge her about with thy peculiar care, all her future days and nights. Strengthen her tender noble mind firmly to suffer, and magnanimously to bear. Make me worthy of that friendship she honors me with. May my attachment to her be pure as

devotion—lasting as immortal life. O, Almighty Goodness! hear me! Be to her at all times,—particularly in the hour of distress and trial,—a friend and comforter, a guide and guard.

“How are thy servants bless’d, O Lord,
“How sure is their defence;
“Eternal wisdom is their guide;
“Their help—Omnipotence.”

Forgive me, Clarinda, the injury I have done you. To-night I shall be with you, as indeed I shall be ill at ease till I see you.”

There is no date to this letter. In a letter preserved here, to his cousin James Burness, dated February 9, 1789, Burns speaks of the “many months” in which “his life was one continued scene of dissipation,” and also speaks of his “indolence.” In this letter he announces his marriage. Alluding to this he says, “My wife is my Jean. I have attached myself to a very good wife, and have shaken myself loose of a very bad failing.” There is also a letter from his wife “Jean Burns”—doubtless after the death of Burns—alluding to their son.

Leaving Burns’ monument, and passing by Holyrood Palace, we enter the “Queen’s Drive,” (that is Victoria’s—for Prince Albert caused the road to be made,) and we ascend toward Arthur’s Seat. Now as we rise, what a glorious view we command! Below us to the left is the Frith of Forth, and on its margin is Portobello, the great watering place, (the Brighton of Scotland.) In the distance, to the far left, beyond a long tongue of land, is seen the entrance into the open German Ocean. On that long tongue, we see a mighty landmark—the great rocky pyramid of North

Berwick Law. To the left, in the centre of the Frith, is the island of Inch Keath, where the renowned Douglasses, in their oft repeated wars on the border, brought, and confined of yore, their English prisoners, who gave them the name of "Black, or Bloody Douglasses." At the foot of the hill and directly behind us on the Frith, is Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, two miles east of the city, but virtually a part of it. Further south, on the left, stretch away the fertile hill slopes and plains of the "Lothians," lifting into the sunlight their pictured farms; and still beyond in the dim distance, toward the German Ocean, are lifted above them, the "Moorfoot Hills." Here, we leave our fly, and for a still higher view, walk up the grassy and rocky slope to the top of Arthur's Seat, eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea. Going up, we pluck from the short grass the sweet Blue Bells of Scotland, (some of which, with some tiny white blossoms from the same wild slope, we enclose to you herewith.) We are now on the summit. Looking north, we command the whole Frith of Forth from the German Ocean to its entrance into the Highlands, far inland. We look down, as the eagle sees them, upon Calton Hill, upon the old city and the new; and to the west, upon Newington, with its ranges of fine modern dwellings and gardens. On the terrace at our feet, lie the rugged outlines of Salisbury Craigs, as they hang over the city. On the south, five miles away, the bold

“Pentland Hills”—from which Edinburgh is supplied with water—are lifted high against the horizon. This range, while running westward forty-two miles to Lanarkshire, is pushed eastward as a mighty promontory into the very bosom of the Lothians, which embrace them on either side, as if gladdened by the springs and nourishment washed down from their heights; while beyond the city to the far north, and west, from thirty to fifty miles away, stretch upland and valley, in wave beyond wave, lifting to view reaches of rich copse, and yellow wheat fields, and of green pasture, and meadow lands. But let us look a moment at the details. At the south base of Arthur’s Seat, the sun flashes as from a mirror, from the smooth waters of Duddingston Loch—in winter the great skating park of the city. On the farther shore, are the fields and woodlands, where Charles the Pretender reviewed his troops before the battle of Preston Pans—the village of that name lying seven miles away on the coast of the Frith. Still further south, on a gentle rise, embosomed in luxuriant trees, and covered with ivy, we see the ruins of Craigmillar Castle, the favorite summer residence in the heart of the Lothians of Mary Queen of Scots. This castle in later times was besieged, and taken by the grand old warrior Cromwell. But, descending the Queen’s Drive—for time flies, and we have yet many sights to capture—we wind around under Salisbury Craigs, and we now look up into the rough gorges and caverns,

where the old Covenanters found a refuge, and sang praises to God, offering hearty and humble homage to Him whose law was to them above all human edicts, and whose love was their life. We get now, looking up, as we descend the slope, views of the walk under the Craigs, the favorite haunt where Sir Walter Scott was accustomed in boyhood to linger and ponder as in dream land. As we look above the Craigs we now see the rocky heights of Arthur's Seat and the ridge behind it in relief with the sky projected in bold profile, as a mighty recumbent lion, with face, head and form in striking leonine similitude. Looking below to the left on the other slope of the valley, about half way up the opposite side nestles the little veritable cottage, where David Deans lived with his daughters, Jeanie and Effie Deans, immortalized in Scott's novel, the "Heart of Mid Lothian." We went into the cottage. There is a new roof, and there are new occupants since David Deans lived there, when he was a "cow feeder" in that then lone valley. There was then no road—only a wild cow path. But now, the good Scotch wife of the English "Ranger" appointed by Prince Albert at a pound a week to keep charge of the grounds, as we stood with her in the cottage garden and looked down on the "Queen's Drive," pointed out to us a group of four young girls on horseback, riding with their maiden locks streaming in the wind, and their riding master with them; and she said to us, "Isn't it a bonny boon, to have

such a safe road for the lassies to ride in?" She gave us some blue bells and fern from the garden wall and rocks, and also a piece of an old rafter of the cottage, to make into paper folders. We went into the cottage, and she pointed out the rooms as they were in David Deans' time. She and her husband are true and noble "Cotters," soul enlightened children of an open Bible, like those in "The Cotters' Saturday Night" of Burns. I noted some of the books in the treasured library of that humble peasant's home, under its lowly roof. Among others, I saw there, Chambers' Cyclopædia, Barclay's Dictionary, Dwight's (our American Dwight's) Theology, Brown's Dictionary, Exposition of Matthew, Hervey's Meditations, Scott's Poetical Works, Lives of the British Reformers, Josephus' Works, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Wilberforce's Practical View, and Fawcett's Christ Precious; all giving evidence of frequent use. Such soul-food can be relished by peasants, only when the mind and heart, through unfettered faith in God, have been made partakers of that liberty wherewith Christ can make free.

On our way back, we went into Holyrood Palace. We saw the Royal Chapel, a very beautiful ruin. We saw also the apartments which Mary Queen of Scots occupied when residing there, with the chest of drawers, bed, and chairs she used. The dressing room of Queen Mary is still hung with the tapestry made in part by herself; and in her bedroom we saw

lining the walls, the great sheets of tapestry which she brought from France. Her private supper room was lined with silk—a few faded and perishing remnants of which are shown. We saw also the private stairway leading from her bedroom to the bedroom of her husband Darnley, below; up which stairway Darnley, infatuated by his maddening jealousy, led the assassins, who broke into the private room where Queen Mary was supping with some of her maids of honor, and Rizzio. Here the assassins seized Rizzio, who tried to shield himself by sinking behind the Queen; but they stabbed him over her shoulder, and dragging him out through her bedroom into her audience chamber—having pierced him with over fifty wounds—they left him weltering in his blood in the farther corner, where the dark stain of the blood is still shown: they then escaped through the garden. Queen Mary caused a partition to be erected in her audience chamber, which still stands, and shuts off the part where the horrid sight of his mangled body lying, haunted her mind. I note here, that some two hours after seeing this, we saw up in the old city, a part of the ancient city wall, beside which once stood the house, in which the murderer Darnley was himself blown up and instantly killed by conspirators; the leader of whom was Bothwell, the third, and last husband of Queen Mary; he being divorced from a former wife in order to marry the Queen. Bothwell afterward died in exile, and a pirate, insisting

however, to the last, that Mary had no complicity with Darnley's death. But the facts at the best, throw a very dark shadow upon her memory. But recurring to Holyrood, the marble step is still preserved, on which Mary kneeled before the altar, under the great east window of the chapel, now in ruins, when she was married to Darnley. In Mary's bedroom we saw the basket for holding baby clothing, presented at his birth, to her babe, afterward James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, by Queen Elizabeth—King James being the son of Darnley. It was in the same audience chamber, where afterward the body of Darnley lay, that Queen Mary had an interview with that grand old Reformer, John Knox; who there addressed an admonition to the Queen's attendants, as follows: "O, fair ladies! how pleasing is this life of yours if it would ever abide, and then in the end that ye pass to Heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon the knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, torqueting, pearl, nor precious stones."

But I must leave Queen Mary, and her palace. We now enter Canongate street in the old city, once the abode of the nobility, it being the highway between the palace and the castle. We pass a narrow entrance on the right, just wide enough to admit a carriage.

Over this humble opening is written, “White Horse Close.” This, in the time of Mary, was the entrance to the finest hotel in Edinburgh. Now, it would be deemed a shabby inlet to a stable. This Canongate street—once the pride of the Scotch nobility—the elegance of which attracted the admiration of Dr. Johnson in his visit to Scotland with Boswell, is now the home of penury, squalor and filth. On either side as we pass up, we see frequent entrances called “closes,” which lead into narrow, damp and noisome passageways between houses six and seven stories high, now crammed with families, with no access to light and air except from these narrow passages, which meanwhile are running with the sink washings of all the crowd. We entered one “close” which formerly led to a famous mansion in the rear, inhabited by a nobleman. I could touch the houses by stretching out my arms, on both sides of the narrow passage at once. And yet here were scores of families—some in rooms with no window or opening except the door and the glass light in it. These houses, thus crowded, were seven stories high; and on these lofts, mounted by dark and crazy stairways, on a passageway where only a gleam of sunlight could fall at high noon, lived scores of families. Who can marvel that the abject poor are wretched and degraded, under such hardships and suffering? And yet, all along this Canongate street, are famous old houses of noted families of the gentry. I will name a few, as we go up. Here is

Queensbury House, once the home of the beautiful Lady Catherine Hyde, the patroness of the poet Gay; and of whose wit and charms, Pope, Swift and Prior sang. Here too is the "Moray House," where Oliver Cromwell lived, and in the winter of 1650, after the victory of Dunbar, held his public levees. Here too the eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray was married to the Earl of Argyll, who afterward perished by the hand of the executioner. A little above was the old Tolbooth, a prison famous in Scottish annals, as the Bastile in Paris. Still above stands the old house where the glorious reformer John Knox lived; and the window is shown where he once sat, with a candle beside him, when an assassin shot at him through the window, and hit the candle dashing it to the floor. Knox had a charmed life, till his great work was done. We pass the old Tron church. Then we come to the Parliament house, where the Scotch Parliament, consisting of Lords—with no House of Commons—had their seat before the union with England was consummated. Beneath the pavement in front, is the spot where John Knox was buried. We entered the great Hall where the Peers used to sit, which is now used for the high courts. It dates from 1636—the time of Charles I. and has a very rich and striking roof. Here is a remarkable portrait of Lord Brougham, taken in 1864, in his full dress as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. There is also

here an excellent marble bust of Jeffrey, the great Scotch reviewer, and one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. In this room the old Covenanters were tried; and in the room below this some of them were tortured and put to the rack. We went into another part of the building where the court is held of which for many years Sir Walter Scott was chief clerk; we saw the chair and table where he sat officially, in wig and gown. We went also into the robing room, and saw the robes of the lawyers hanging up in ranges on pegs, and the tin boxes containing their wigs, which are made of horse hair. I put on a robe and wig, and W—— said I looked queer but quite professional. We next visited St. Giles church, a Romanist cathedral before the Reformation, but now occupied by three Presbyterian congregations; the west end of the nave by the West St. Giles church, Dr. Nesbit pastor; the east end by the High church, so called, Dr. David Arnott pastor; and the south transept, by the old Tolbooth, or new South church, Cornelius Giffen pastor. In the east end of this old cathedral John Knox preached often to royal ears. There is still seen the King's seat, in the front gallery. Here Queen Mary once heard John Knox; and her son James VI., (I. of England,) heard him here often; and, with his pedantic show of Scripture knowledge, would sometimes interrupt, saying: "Weel John, how is that? Where do you find that, John?" "I find it here, do you ken, your majesty;" was the reply of

Knox ; "and the Scripture is so indade." It was in this east end, that the meetings were held which led to the going out of the present free church of Scotland, under Chalmers, from the establishment.

A little farther up the street, we saw in the pavement a rude heart formed in the paving stones. Here was the old Tolbooth ; and this spot is marked as the "Heart of Mid Lothian." It was here, in 1581, that the Earl of Morton's head was exposed upon a pike to public view ; and in 1650 the head also of the gallant Marquis of Montrose ; and in 1661 that of the Marquis of Argyll. Turning into a narrow street at the rear of the University of Edinburgh and at the head of what was called the college "wind" or path up the hill, we saw vacant ground which was the site of the dwelling, now removed, in which Walter Scott was born. We then drove out to Church Hill in Morning Side, in the environs of the city, and saw the house where Chalmers lived and died. We visited the "Grange," or South Cemetery, where he is buried, and saw his grave. On the tablet of Scotch granite, is inscribed, "Thomas Chalmers. Born March 17, 1780. Died May 31, 1847." Also, "Grace Pratt, his wife. Died January 16, 1850; aged 58." We also saw here the grave where Hugh Miller—one of the greatest and noblest of Scotland's sons—is buried. On the truncated Scotch granite tablet above his grave is inscribed, "Hugh Miller. Died 24th December, 1856. Aged 54 years." He lies alone ; no one buried beside

him, but there were flowers still blooming on his grave.

Leaving the Grange, we saw about a mile away the "Bore Stone," in which the Royal standard was planted, as recorded on a tablet below it, where the Royal troops were mustered in 1513 before the battle of Flodden Field, of which Scott says in *Marmion*:

"Highest and midmost was descried,
The Royal banner, floating wide,
The staff a pine tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight."

Tell my son C—— that in this vicinity we saw signs posted on vacant lots marked "To be *Feued*." This means, as we found on inquiring, that the land is to be leased to parties who will *build upon it*. A short way of telling in Scotch, an English circumlocution. On our way home we saw the rear of a tenement house, showing *ten stories in height*, above an abutting basement wall, itself at least eighteen feet above ground; and in which, our driver said, there were two more stories, making *twelve* in all.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCOTLAND.

A Free Church Scotchman. Melrose Abbey. Grave of Sir David Brewster. Eildon Hills. Abbotsford. River Tweed. Valley. Grounds. Gardens. Roman Medallions. The Study—Library—Drawing Room—Souvenirs—Old Armor. Dryburgh Abbey. Grave of Scott. Yew tree old as the Ruin. Edinburgh—Steam Omnibus. Antiquarian Museum. Castle. Room in which King James was Born. James' Court. Home of Boswell. Magdalene Chapel. Early Home of Sir Walter Scott. Inauguration of "Edinburgh Review." Gray Friars Church. Covenanters. Martyr's Prison Yard. Graves of Robertson, Ramsey, Tytler, Black. Fidelity of a Dog.

August 23.—Cool and cloudy. Started at 10 o'clock for Melrose Abbey, and Abbotsford. A beautiful ride of sixty miles, south. We met in our compartment on the train a typical Free Church Scotchman. A grand, sturdy, Christian man. Recognizing us as Americans, we were soon drawn into sympathy, and we learned much from him of the method, and causes of the disruption in the Church of Scotland. He shook our hands when he left the car as though we had been old friends. We knew each other at once,

through the bond of a living union with a common Lord and Liberator. There is a striking difference between an average middle class Englishman, and a Scotchman. There is apparent in the latter, a breadth of view and vigor of conviction, which indicate familiarity with questions of Christian *doctrine*, rather than of *form*.

Before noon we reached the noted Melrose Abbey. It was founded in 1136,—was restored in 1326,—and a part of the nave was afterward roofed in and used for some time as a Presbyterian church. But it is all now a ruin. Within the old site is growing an elder (our common elderberry) tree, very old, and large as an apple tree of full size. We heard the clock in the ruin—itself two hundred years old, with rude stone weights—strike the hour of twelve. Under the east window lies buried the heart of Robert Bruce; and a little to the north is the grave of the Black Douglasses, (so called.) In the Abbey churchyard, are buried two of the servants of Sir Walter Scott, with monuments erected for them by him, attesting their fidelity, and his affection for them. Under the west side of the Abbey is the grave and monument of Sir David Brewster, inscribed: “Born 1781. Died Feb'y 10, 1866;” also of, “Dame Juliet Macpherson his beloved wife, who died Jan'y 27, 1850,” and beneath are the words, “The Lord is thy light.” To the west, looking down upon churchyard and Abbey, rise the bold Eilden Hills.

We next went to Abbotsford, three miles distant. The whole estate of Abbotsford—the home which so powerfully enlisted the affections of Sir Walter Scott—consists of about thirteen hundred acres, bounded on the western border by the river Tweed, and lying in the river valley and on its easterly slope. It is beautifully diversified. The wood on it was mainly planted by Sir Walter. Abbotsford stands on the second rise from the river bottom; the declivity between the mansion and the bottom land being terraced in the most beautiful manner, and kept closely cut in grass. The house faces the Tweed. To the right are the gardens; to the left, forest; and in the rear there is an exquisite flower garden; in the wall surrounding which are inserted, as medallions, old Roman pieces of sculpture, on circular stone slabs around which, and as a living lining on the whole face of the wall, are trained closely cut ivy and yew foliage, in which the medallions appear as panels; the effect being strikingly beautiful. Sir Walter's study window looked out into this garden. You have a stereoscopic picture of the mansion at home, and the Tweed in front. We entered in the basement—but a part of the house being open to visitors. Crowds come here. There had been twenty-three that morning before us, and they kept coming. A lady conducted us up stairs, first into the study, where we saw the chair in which Sir Walter sat and the table on which he wrote; then into the library; then into the drawing-room; then

into the armory; and then into the entrance hall. In the library were many curiosities—presents to Sir Walter, and treasured collections by him. We saw a jeweled box given him by Miss Edgeworth, and rich presents from George IV. We saw the writing portfolio, pen-holder, and the gold cloak-clasp, in the form of two bees with extended wings, which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and which were taken from him at Waterloo. In the armory we saw the pistols Napoleon had in that battle. Numerous kinds of armor and weapons, being the collections made by Scott, were exhibited in the armory and also in the main entrance hall. In the latter place is a glass case containing the large white hat and the clothing which Sir Walter wore just before his last illness. We then visited the larger garden on the east, where I obtained from the gardener some berries of the coton-easter microphilla, to take home.

Leaving Abbotsford, we went by a fly about seven miles, to Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter, and Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, are buried. Dryburgh is a fine old ruin, dating back about seven hundred years. I will not stop to describe it here; but procured some views. It was a complete monastic establishment in its Romanist days,—with dungeon, dormitories, refectory, cloisters, library, Abbot's drawing room, etc., beside the nave, choir and transepts of the main cathedral portion, beneath which was the chapter room. To the south of the Abbey, at a little

distance, is probably the finest yew tree in the world. It is of immense size—about forty feet high, some fifty or sixty feet in diameter of crown, and the bole of the tree some twenty feet in length and three feet in diameter. This tree was planted when the Abbey was founded, seven hundred years ago. It is in full luxuriance, with not the least sign of decay. Here was a striking lesson. The Abbey, built of *stone*—the highest expression of enduring permanence—had long since mouldered to dust and perished,—many parts of foundation and superstructure vanished, leaving not even a trace behind. And yet this tree, of the same age, and dependent for its continuance upon the constancy of the returning seasons, and upon the ceaseless nursing of air, sunlight, and shower—the child of the ever fleeting clouds and winds—stands in vigorous and undying life; while the solid rock structure, which once towered far above it, has perished. Here we saw illustrated the transitoriness of the permanent, and the permanence of the transitory. The one was man's work and perished with its authors; the other, God's work, the fruit of His unfailing, though ever changeful Providence. Let this teach us that if we trust in Him for life—a life hid with Him in Christ—our immortality is *sure*. But if we build on other trusts, though they seem durable as rock, they will surely vanish, and our hopes will perish utterly. If we sow to the flesh, of the flesh we shall reap corruption. If we sow to the

Spirit, of the Spirit we shall reap life everlasting. That yew tree is a symbol of unceasing dependence; but unceasing *acceptance* of every transitory, and yet never failing help, *without and beyond itself*. So we must trust ever for life, in help *above* self resources. Returned in the evening to our hotel in Edinburgh.

August 24.—Cloudy. Windy and stormy day. We took a covered fly in the morning, and entered upon our closing round here. Went to Calton Hill. Saw, on returning, a steam road omnibus, loaded with people. Will not stop now to describe it. Went to St. Andrew's Square, and saw where Lord Brougham was born. Went also to Antiquarian Museum, and, among a vast number of relics, we saw there the identical pulpit in which John Knox preached in St. Giles' Cathedral; also the "Maiden," as it is called—a guillotine—the identical one by which Morton, in 1581, and Argyll, in 1661, and many others were beheaded. We then went to the Free Church College, and saw the Assembly Hall and the Library. There is here a full length portrait of Chalmers, from which my engraving is copied. We saw there, also, one of the original Covenants signed by the Covenanters. We then went to the old castle, perched on its lofty—and before the day of heavy cannon—its impregnable rock. We saw there the regalia of Scotland—crown, scepter and sword of state. The ancient St. Margaret Chapel here, is the oldest church in Scotland, dating back eight hundred years. We saw

also, the room in a tower of the castle, which was occupied by Mary Queen of Scots, after the murder of Rizzio, and where, a few months after that tragic horror, her son James VI. (and first of England) was born. It is a little low cheerless room. From the one window of this room, it is said that the queen had the infant James, when eight days old, lowered in a basket two hundred and fifty feet, down to the base of the rock below, and taken to Stirling Castle to be baptized into the Romish Church. This story seems incredible.

We then came down from the castle, and on the way saw St. John's Free Church, where Dr. Guthrie preached; also where Dr. Hanna preached and lectured on the life of Christ. We next saw James' Court, entering which by a long, narrow, dirty way, we saw the house in which Boswell lived, and where he entertained Dr. Johnson in his famous visit to Scotland, and where the elite of Edinburgh then paid court to the distinguished stranger. We next saw the royal residence of the Duke of Gordon, entered through a narrow passage, with a private connection with the Grass-market on the other side below the hill. We then went to Magdalen Chapel, where John Craig, a colleague of Knox, preached in Latin; and where the General Assembly first met after the Reformation, "where Mr. Andro Melville was chosen moderator," and "whar it was concludit that bischoppes shold be callit be their awin names of breither in all tyme

coming, and that lordlie name and authoritie banisseed
frae the kirk of God, qwhilk hes bot ac Lord, Chryst
Jesus." We next saw No. 25 on George Square, where
the father of Walter Scott lived when Walter was a
boy, and where he played in the green square, in
sight of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Craigs—
fitting surroundings to nourish his imagination. We
then saw No. 18 Buccleuch Place, where, in the third
story front room, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Brougham
and others met about November, 1801, and inaugu-
rated the Edinburgh Review. Last of all, we visited
old Gray Friars' Church and burying ground. It was
here, on the first of March, 1638, after a solemn ser-
mon by Alexander Henderson, that the great National
Covenant was signed by the leading nobility; and it
was then carried out of the church and placed on a
flat tombstone near the entrance, and was there signed
by the common people, many of whom in their ear-
nestness, with enthusiasm, tears and prayers, "used
their own blood instead of ink." We saw here, also,
where the noble army of martyrs were buried, slain in
the infamous reign of James II.—dethroned, under
God, by the great Prince of Orange, William III.
We saw, too, the prison yard—about sixty feet by two
hundred and fifty—where, in the cold of winter, *many*
hundreds of the *Covenanters* were confined as prisoners
in the open air, with no shelter from the wintry
storms. In this burying ground we saw the graves
of Robertson and Tytler, the historians; of Allan

Ramsay; Joseph Black the great chemist, and of many other distinguished Scotchmen.

Just before leaving the churchyard we were introduced to a noted living occupant of this “encampment of the dead”—namely, “Greyfriars Bobby,” a Scotch terrier dog, who has a strange but well attested history. About twelve years since, a poor unknown man named Gray was buried in this churchyard. There were few present when he was laid in the earth, but among the mourners was this faithful dog. After the interment, the dog refused to leave the grounds; but taking his place upon the fresh mound, with no monument to mark the grave, he kept faithful guard by night and day. The old curator of the grounds several times forced the dog away and turned him into the street—it being against the rules to allow a dog within the yard,—but with the next funeral procession the dog was sure to enter, and take his post upon his master’s grave. This constancy won the heart of the curator, who now allowed the faithful terrier to have his way,—regularly supplying him with food. And so, for more than *eight years*, that dog—in the winter as well as summer—by night as well as day—kept watch upon that grave. Then, he was gradually persuaded to accept a sleeping place on stormy nights in the curator’s office; but he uniformly took post by day upon the grave; and when we saw him there, the dog was called from the grave, to the office; and we looked into his faithful and now venerable face, which wore

an expression of meek constancy which seemed almost human. We should have been unworthy of his acquaintance if we had not regarded that loving creature with unfeigned respect. It was touching to see the tenderness with which the present sexton—an intelligent Scotchman, successor to the old curator—treated that dog, now infirm with age; and the quiet and almost dignified self-possession of the dog, as he accepted the attention.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCOTLAND.

Linlithgow. Falkirk. Stirling. Greyfriars Church—Churchyard. Ladies' Rock. Vale of the Tournament. Reformation. Monuments. Scotland's Maiden Martyr. Views from the Ladies' Rock. The Castle Rock. Abbey Craig. Wallace Monument. Ochil Hills. Saline Hills. Campsie Hills. Carse of Stirling Field of Bannockburn. The Battle. Gillies Hill. Vale of Menteith. Ben Lomond. Grampian Hills. The Castle. Palace. Parliament House. Death of Douglass. Queen Mary's Look-out. Callander. Stage Ride to the Trossacks. Rain. Loch Katrine. Ellen's Isle. Benvenue. Glen Arklet. Inversnaid. Loch Lomond. Scenery. Ben Lomond. Balloch Pier. Glasgow.

August 25.—Left Edinburgh at 9 o'clock, feeling that we had seen no city more interesting for its peerless picturesqueness, and its crowded historical and literary associations. On our way north to the Highlands, we soon passed the old castle of Linlithgow, once a palace, in one of the rooms of which, Mary Queen of Scots was born. We passed also Falkirk, the great Scotch mart and market place for cattle, and soon reached the old historic town of Stirling. Here we stopped and went up on the hill, first to the old Greyfriars church, in which, in 1543, the Earl of Arran—then Regent of Scotland—abjured Romanism, and

where also James VI. (Mary's son) was crowned in his infancy, July 29, 1567,—John Knox preaching the sermon on the occasion. Here too, Ebenezer Erskine, the great leader of the Secession Church of Scotland, once preached. The east end of this fine old church, with its pleasing and massive Norman nave and groined stone ceiling, is occupied by one church, and the west end by another. We now go out into the old churchyard, every inch of which is historic ground. To the east, on one border, are the ruins of the lordly castle of the Stirlings, where, in medieval times the pride of baronial power, and the muster of clans, and the rude revelry of mailed knights, and their chivalrous courtesy to the "ladies faire," were oft seen. In the center of this old cemetery, is the "Ladies' Rock," a bold craig of ironstone, where, tradition says, the "faire ladies" sat to witness the tournament in the valley to the north, directly under it, in which often the mail-clad horsemen met in full tilt in the shock of rushing steed, and ponderous armor, and keen lance. But the rude and semi-savage age of chivalry passed, and there came a sterner conflict—the *Reformation*—and now the ground is studded here in a populous throng with the braver and holier combatants, in conflicts of immeasurably greater meaning. In the valley of the old tournaments there now stand monuments to John Knox, (though he was not buried here,) to Alexander Henderson, to Andrew Melville, to James Renwick;

and fair ladies too are blended in this throng, for here lies buried the lovely and sainted Margaret Wilson, "Scotland's Maiden Martyr," who would not abjure her faith in Christ, but, "bound to a stake within flood mark of the Salway tide, she died a martyr's death on 11th May, 1685." A marble group of statuary of the rarest beauty, erected here, now commemorates the scene.

But let us look around us from this storied "Ladies' rock." To the north, just over the valley of the tournament, is the old fortress of Stirling, on its lofty rocky craig. Its towers and battlements lift high their massive and defiant heads. To the north-east, is the Abbey Craig, which pushes its abrupt promontory of rock close to the shore of the winding Forth below it. On the head of this craig stands the lofty monument of William Wallace, looking down upon the bottom land and the borders of the stream where he won the great battle of Stirling, in 1297, which mainly gives him fame. Still further north and sweeping around to the east bounding the horizon, are the Ochil Hills—pictured with green fields and patches of purple heather and bare rock. Still further east lie the Saline Hills, in Fifeshire; and toward the south on that side, the view is bounded by the distant range of the Campsie Hills, below which, lies before you the vast reach of the carse of Stirling, with the Forth winding its luxuriant way across it. To the south, lie the plains and slopes of the

field of Bannockburn, where, on June 24, 1314, Bruce met a vast English army under Edward II., and, with forces less than half of those of his opponents, broke the invader's power, and won back Scotland to the sway of its native clans. You see the whole theatre of the action. To the right, stretch into the battle-field the ridges of Gillies Hill, behind which lay the baggage of Bruce's army and his camp followers. At a critical moment in the struggle, these "gillies," or camp followers, in a motley throng showed themselves to the astonished English, from the ridge of Gillies Hill. The English, thinking them a fresh army, were panic stricken and fled before Bruce, who thus won the day. To the right, and stretching off westerly, is the range of Touch Hill; and now, turning to the west, the loveliest scene of all lies below you—the sweet vale of Menteith—a green expanse of the most fertile bottom land; beyond which, bounding the distant horizon, old Ben Lomond lifts its mountain craigs, and the whole range of the great Grampian Hills sweeps in dark and misty outline,—cloud covered, and storm haunted,—to the north, where we started in our view. A bolder, brighter, darker, richer, sterner, lovelier view, with its storied battle-fields, its castellated heights, its crowded monuments, its winding stretches of vale, river, and wheat land, and its embracing highland ranges, within which all lie embosomed, was never seen.

The old castle of Stirling requires special mention ; and we now ascend to it. We cross the ancient moat, now empty, over the drawbridge, within the gate where the old port-cullis was wont to be lifted to admit those having the right of entrance. We saw here the place in the wall where General Monk, of the great Cromwell's army, made a breach, in 1651, and took the castle by storm. Within the castle walls we see the remains of the old Palace, built for his own residence, by James V. of Scotland, in 1540,—a rude, and yet elaborately adorned pile, many of the time-worn stone images built into the walls of which, still attest a corruption of taste and morals in their builders. Within the castle walls is the old Parliament House, where the Scotch Parliament used to hold its stormy, and often fruitless sessions ; evincing the jealousies of clashing clans, more than the sturdy instincts of rising freedom, which animated the old English House of Commons. We see near this a room of the castle lifted above the garden, where James V. having invited the powerful Earl of Douglass within the castle, by giving him a safe conduct, afterward finding that he could not induce Douglass, (who was leagued with the Earls of Ross and Crawford to defend each other against all opponents whether king or hostile clan,) to break his league, the king, in a moment of ungovernable passion, drew a dagger and stabbed Douglass, whose body was then thrown out of

the window which we saw, and was buried in the garden. We now mount the castle wall, and pass around the north and west sides of the castle, upon the promenade which overlooks the vale of Menteith, and the glorious reach of Highland view, I have before described. In the curtain of this wall a hole is seen rudely broken in the stone, called “Queen Mary’s look-out.” Upon a seat behind this opening, it is said that the beautiful but sadly fated, and I fear demoralized, Queen of Scots, used to sit and look down upon the valley of the tournament and watch the contending knights in their games in the king’s gardens—so called—under the castle walls, four hundred and fifty feet below.

We now resume our train and soon reach Callander, where we mount the stage for our ride to the Trossachs. It is a wild afternoon. The old Grampian Hills have veiled heads thickly muffled in black and driving storm-clouds. Soon the rain-mists dash upon us; but we lift our umbrellas, holding them tensely as they strain in the wind. W—— sat forward near the driver, as is his wont, to ask questions by the way. I sat with Mr. P—— on the back seat outside, and with us, and on the seat just in front, were five Englishmen, strangers to us. Of course where all raised umbrellas, the drip of the umbrella protecting me would fall in the lap, or neck, or possibly face, of my neighbor in front; and his drip, with due impartiality,

would favor me,—and so likewise through the crowd. Nevertheless on that stage-top, in the scurrying storms of the Scotch Highlands, there never was a better natured set of tourists. Each one, while being patiently soaked, was intent upon persuading his fellow, that all was as well as could be; and so we mutually accommodated and soaked each other, till we reached the welcome Trossachs Hotel in the Highlands. Here, dismounting, to our agreeable surprise, the first man who met us was our delightful friend Rev. G. D. B—— of Philadelphia. He had arrived an hour before from the opposite direction. Rooms obtained, and wiping accomplished, we were soon at the table d'hôte for dinner,—Mr. B—— by a delicate attention to our happiness, having secured seats for us next his own. After dinner W—— and Mr. B—— walked and talked; and I and Mr. P—— talked and nursed a little fire smoldering in a grate hardly larger than a meerschaum. The next morning it rained for a time, harder than before. Mr. B—— however, left early for Callander, as he is to sail September 2. But after breakfast, it happily broke away, and we were cheered by the sun as we again mounted to go to Loch Katrine. Let me here introduce to you Mr. S. H. P——, our traveling companion in Scotland. He is a young Virginian, a native of Richmond. During the war he was a Captain in the Southern army. We made his

acquaintance on ship-board; and at his request, we cheerfully assented to his sharing with us our Highland journey. He is a gentlemanly and intelligent companion, and we have much enjoyed our association with him, which on his part, he seems to value. Reaching Loch Katrine—our driver meanwhile repeating quite *a la "Sked,"* snatches of the Lady of the Lake, descriptive of the mountain heights we passed,—we took the little iron steamer “Rob Roy” for the trip through the lake. We soon pass around Ellen’s Isle,

“Where for retreat in dangerous hour
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.”

On the right in our rear, Ben A’an lifts its bold, rocky head eighteen hundred feet high; and now, emerging from behind the island as we sweep round into the lake, Benvenue towers on the south to the height of nearly twenty-four hundred feet. I will not pause to dwell upon the wild granitic peaks of the bare headed mountains. We soon reach, at the southern end, the Hotel of Stronachlachar. Here we mount a coach for a five mile ride across Glen Arklet, to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond. Here is a beautiful waterfall, where the river Arklet plunges into Loch Lomond. The bridge over this stream is the scene of Wordsworth’s poem, the “Highland Girl.” But the bell of the little steamer rings, and we go on board for Balloch Pier, a sail of about twenty-three miles—

full of wild beauty and legendary charm. We stop at Rowardennan, where W—— and Mr. P—— landed, to take ponies and ascend to the top of Ben Lomond, over three thousand feet high. I continued on to Balloch Pier, and there took the rail for Glasgow, which I reached about 5 o'clock, and then took a hansom, and rode through the beautiful Park. Putting up at the Queen's Hotel, I awaited the coming of W—— and Mr. P—— who arrived about eleven at night.

C H A P T E R XV.

GLASGOW.

The Cathedral. Presbyterian Service. Beauty of Interior. Free Church. Precentor. Admirable Sermon by a Mr. Reith—Synopsis. Subtle Spiritual Insight. Open air preaching. Closes. Crowds in the Street. Tron Church. Chalmer's Astronomical Sermons. Ship yards on the Clyde. Iron Steamers.

Sunday, August 27.—Glasgow is now the most populous city in Scotland, and next to London, in Great Britain. In the forenoon we attended the Cathedral. This is an old Romanist pile, once in the keeping of its builders, the Papists, with their priests, monks, and nuns, but at the time of the Reformation, taken by the Scotch Church, and now is in the hands of the Presbyterian Establishment of Scotland. We were curious to see a Cathedral service under the management of Presbyterians. They use paraphrases of the Psalms, and the only point in which the service differed from their ordinary one was the chanting of one of the Psalms—I think the XC. There was no organ, and no instrumental music. The tune here

however, was simply pitched by a violoncello. The sermon was by a supply—the pastor being away—and was quite pretentious, but negative as to any special merit. The cathedral is one of the finest we have seen; massive in its vast stone arches, and groinings, and wonderfully graceful in the harmonious blendings of its outlines of tracery. The style is highly ornamented Norman—or Norman, keeping its main features, while passing into the Early English, with all the massive dignity of the former, and the elegant tracery in stone groining and pointed arches of the latter. In the afternoon, we attended the Free Church in Divinity Hall, and heard a sermon worthy of special notice. The pastor, Dr. Buchanan, was absent, and the preacher—Mr. Reith—was a supply. Learning this as we went in, we were inclined to go further, thinking we might do better. An intelligent Scotchman however, at the door, told us we had better go in and take a seat near the pulpit where we could hear, as the preacher had a weak voice; and, doing this, he would assure us that we could not do better in Glasgow. This assurance we found to be true; and now for the service: First, the clerk brings in from an ante-room, the large Bible and hymn book, and going up the pulpit stairs places them on the cushion. Next, arrayed in black kids, and evidently conscious of his good appearance, with ruddy cheeks, and flowing gown, comes the precentor, who takes his seat behind a desk below the pulpit.

Now the preacher, Mr. Reith—a pale, serious, scholarly man, about forty, with the black gown, but no consciousness of millinery, comes in from an ante-room, and goes into the pulpit. His reading of the Scripture W— pronounced “*faultless*.” I could not quite say that, fancying a too marked sacerdotal intonation; but it was nevertheless, of rare excellence. His text was Hosea I., the last of the tenth verse: “And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them (the children of Israel) ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, ye are the sons of the living God.”

He opened by a reference to the nature of Divine forgiveness. There is a marvelous delicacy in it. The sinner is wholly forgiven, but is never reminded of his sin in any such way as if he were to be told:—“ You are forgiven,—but, do you know, that the enormity of that for which forgiveness is granted, is such that it is well nigh incredible that you should be forgiven!” But God ever blesses the penitent seeker, *without upbraiding*. Nay, such is the delicacy of forgiving love that it would almost seem—so intent is God upon the sinner’s feeling to the full the reconciliation—that forgiveness was something that even conferred a favor upon God. Again, the forgiveness of God is wholly unlike the forgiveness by one friend of an injury which another had done him. There is often a reconciliation between those who have been estranged; but it is of such a nature, that by a

mutual, though it be tacit understanding, there is a studied silence as to the ground of the offence. *That*, it is felt, had better not be alluded to. There is reconciliation; but the ground of its maintenance is obliviousness of past alienation. Now the nature of *Divine* forgiveness, is just the opposite of all this; and is precisely such, that the remembrance by the sinner of his *sin* and of its *enormity*, is just what gives him the most adoring and sweetest joy in his gratitude. He doubly rejoices “that there *is* *forgiveness with God*, that *He may be feared*.” It is just *because* his sin *was so great*, and the forgiveness *so absolute*, reaching to the utmost depths of the guilt, and making in the reconciliation, the *sinner* a *son*,—the enemy, a loving and adoring *child*—that the heart of the redeemed is made to sing praises unto God *in the very place*, and on the very ground of his sin. “Pardon mine iniquity *for it is great*,” is the penitent’s yearning prayer; and when pardon is granted, it is with such loving and unreserved forgiveness, that ever after, the deeper the consciousness by the sinner of the *greatness* of his guilt, the livelier will be his conscious love for, and rejoicing loyalty to Him, who, without upbraiding, has come to the offender, over the mountains of his sins, and has made an enemy, a son. The text thus prepares us to see first, that as God in His salvation reaches the sinner, *at the very worst* of his offense; as he there, and then, effects reconciliation by virtue of the ineffable efficacy of the Redeemer’s work, reaching

the very roots of his sin; it is then *just there*, that the sinner is bound not only, but will rejoice, to love and serve his Saviour, and will seek to win back to Christ the *very territory which had been surrendered to satan*; and thus make the field in his heart where satan had once been in the ascendant, a realm regained to Christ. Again—the redeemed sinner is bound to show his allegiance to the Redeemer just where he most signally sinned, as the best possible test of the sincerity of his sorrow for the sin, and of the genuineness of his deliverance from its power. Again—the text leads us to see that nothing can be more mistaken than for the sinner to say to himself, “*Were I in different circumstances, I could then serve Christ effectively; but now, having been so great a sinner and being environed by such temptations, trials and weaknesses, I cannot hope for a victory over what is so adverse to my salvation.*” On the contrary, the truth is, that it was just because the sinner is so hopelessly lost in himself, that an Almighty Saviour came to redeem; and the plan of God’s grace in salvation is that *there, in that place*, where sin abounded, grace and life are to much more abound. Lastly—the sinner is to evince the earnestness and genuineness of his abandonment of sin, and his loyalty to holiness, and his conscious progress, through Christ’s help, in rising superior to once reigning sin, because, it is just there, in *that very place*, where, in the nature of salvation, the change

from darkness to light must be most signally effected; in order that the process of the preparation of the sinner for heaven, may be most evident and real. If we ever reach heaven, the effective preparation for admission into the realm where holiness reigns absolute, must begin and progress *here*. All the *germs* of the new life and the new state of harmony with holiness are *here*. There is nothing in eternity, to impart any new spiritual germ. Salvation must take vital root and begin its indestructible development in this life, or it can begin never; and so, by the marvelous delicacy of God's infinite love; by the all-conquering efficacy of Christ's atoning power; by every principle of gratitude for the gift of redeemed life, and of joyful peace here in the very place where sin had most rioted in its deadly power; and by all our hopes of a heavenly inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled and never to fade away, are we called upon to realize, in a blessed personal experience, the truth of the text, that *in the place* where we once felt that we were not God's people, *there* he now calls us the sons of the living God." I have given but a hurried and meager outline of the sermon. There was little that was demonstrative, and quite a number dropped asleep. But *some* hung upon his words, as with a subdued but ever recurring earnestness of cadence they were heard, as though they issued from charmed lips. It was as though one heard a delicately attuned musical instrument played with surpassing skill. There was a rare

and subtle insight into, and a lucid analysis of the methods and living efficacy of the grace of the Saviour in the soul, that rewarded the attentive listener, and refreshed him with draughts of the very juice of the gospel. We went out feeling that the Scotchman had been faithful in influencing us to remain with him, that we might find good.

In the evening at six, we went to an open air service in the yard of the cathedral. A young Scotchman of the Free Church—doubtless a layman—preached to quite a large crowd. He had a moveable pulpit, with a cloth screen behind. He was earnest, and doubtless a most estimable Christian; but he preached nearly an hour, in a denunciatory strain, addressing sinners more by terrorism, than by the presentation of the wonderful scheme of the Divine love in Christ for the redemption of man in the gospel. Afterward we walked through the streets of the more densely populated part of the city, and found numberless crowds of men, women and children, on the pavements to the very road center. All along these streets, as in Edinburgh, there were dark, narrow and filthy entrances to "closes," from which the crowds had issued, to get on Sunday their best access to air and light in the open street. A pitiable sight. No marvel that there is degradation, where all ages and sexes are crammed together in such filth and discomfort. No marvel either, that cholera should come at intervals as a terrible visitation,

arousing public attention to the sufferings of the too greatly neglected poor. Men who have wealth and authority in the great centers of population, need the sharp counter-irritants of such terrible scourges, arousing them for their own preservation, to adopt sanitary measures for the comfort, greater cleanliness, and purer air and water for the poor. So it is often in Divine Providence, that what seems an avenging visitation, is really an almost merciful dispensation in disguise, to result in blessing. Afterward we visited the old Tron Church, where the great Chalmers preached. It was here, in a comparatively small and dingy chapel—itself in a sort of “close,” back from the street—that the “Astronomical Sermons” were delivered, which attracted such rapt attention, and gave the preacher such a world-wide fame. W— went also to St. John’s Church, where Chalmers preached last, in Glasgow.

August 28.—Took a fly and went to the great ship building yards on the Clyde, where the mammoth iron steamships of the world are built. There we saw the whole process of the construction of these leviathans which are fast absorbing the commerce of the world. One of the overseers, finding we were Americans, kindly took us through the whole works, giving us much valuable information. We have now an idea of the structure of these ships, from the bottom of the keel to the top-mast.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGLISH LAKES AND ENGLAND.

Keswick. Lake Derwentwater. Southe. Crystal Haze. Scenery. Coach Ride to Windermere. Rydal Water. Rydal Church. Wordsworth's Cottage. Nab Scar. Rydal Knob. Scene of Home Picture by Hart. Fox How. Thomas Arnold. Matthew Arnold. Ambleside. Preston. Black Country. Birmingham. Kenilworth. Warwick Castle—Portraits—Armor—Curiosities. Great Cedars—Warwick Vase. Rich Landscape. Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare's Birthplace. Trinity Church—Grave—Monument. Shottery. Ann Hathaway.

Leaving Glasgow, we took the train for Carlisle, Penrith, and Keswick, to visit the English lakes in Westmoreland county. We arrived at Keswick in the evening, putting up at the Victoria Hotel. The next morning, August 29, was pleasant; and a scene opened to our view around our hotel, of indescribable wildness and beauty. Here is Lake Derwentwater. The poet Southe lived here for many years. We saw the grove in which his house was embosomed in

trees. All around us the strangest mountain heights lifted themselves into a singular sunshiny haze—a haze, almost mist, and yet of crystal clearness, showing in sharp relief all the mountain outlines. This peculiar haze is characteristic of the region. It is shown in our picture at home, of Rydal Water. We have always thought it to be the mist of sunrise, or sunset; but it is not. The hills at Keswick were of strange aspect, bald, and utterly bare of shrubbery to the very top, covered with great reaches of purple heather, their weird outlines sharply cut against the sky, their billowy forms lifted as though mountain waves had been fixed immovably in their wild tossings, and their sides deeply worn by ravines, and sheer slopes; and, resting on all, in a soft, still, charmed solitude, as if happy in its own strange beauty, was that misty crystal air, which filled the whole cope of heaven.

At 10 we mounted our stage, and started for a ride of twenty-three miles through the Lake region to Windermere. Never was there a coach ride more enjoyable. The day though hot, was charming, and as we wound among the hills, catching ever new views of mountain vale and lake, the steep slopes often alive with leaping waterfalls; and seeing at frequent intervals, nestled under softly luxuriant groves on the lake margins, the tasteful and often elaborately beautiful country homes of some dwellers of the distant city, or some devotee of the rare beauty of the region,

we gave ourselves to the new sensations so variously blended, which made us hilarious in our enjoyment.

At last, reaching Rydal Water, W—— and I dismounted, to allow the coach to go on, while we climbed the hillside, for a visit to the cottage where Wordsworth lived. This hill slope lies under Rydal Knob. We walked up an ancient avenue leading to the seat of the nobleman who owns the whole region, and lives at Rydal Hall. An enormous oak overhangs the whole road, and far up on its gnarled trunk the seeds of ferns have been carried by the wind, and taking root, are luxuriantly growing in their bright green feathery patches, on the ribbed and solemn branches of this lord of the hill side. A long range of dark old yews lines one side of the avenue—fit symbol of a grave, but deep sincerity. Wordsworth must have walked and mused ten thousand times in the—to him—most animating society of these veteran ministers, stationed to proclaim on this mountain shrine, the high praises of Him who made them.

We first reached Rydal church with its low square tower and four turrets, (which, I think, are visible among the trees in our picture.) In this church, Wordsworth worshiped. We found at the gate the old gardener at Rydal Hall, and he took us to the church, and looking in at the window, we saw the plain but neat interior, and the corner of the pew just under and on the right of the pulpit, where Wordsworth sat. On the opposite side of the pulpit, was .

the pew where Dr. Thomas Arnold (of Rugby) who had a home at Fox How, near by, for summer residence, used to sit. Arnold sometimes preached in this little church.

Now, we ascend to the cottage. Wordsworth never *owned* it, but rented it of the proprietor of Rydal Hall. Doubtless he was treated with kind consideration and made to feel at home, and encouraged to adorn the grounds. Still, it seems a wrong, that the descendants, it may be of some old Norman adventurer, should clutch in their grasp so much of the fee simple of these grand regions, that such a prince in the realm of nature as Wordsworth, should not be able to be the sovereign of the soil. The cottage is a plain two story building. Wordsworth built a low porch, and laid in its floor a section of a mosaic pavement taken from Pompeii, and presented to him, in which the word "Salve" (welcome,) is plainly legible. On each side of the porch outside, are planted by Wordsworth's own hand, some fuchsias, from which we plucked flowers. In the garden, just in front, Wordsworth caused a mound to be raised on which he used to sit and enjoy the view, of which I will try to give you an idea. Standing on the mound, fronting the cottage and looking up, you see on the left to the west, Nab Scar, lifted into the sky. The lofty peak, directly north before you, and extending far round to the right, is Rydal Knob, on the base of which the cottage nestles, and on its wooded slope the church stands below us.

On the right and to the far east, are the mountain slopes and bold range of Wansfell. And now turning directly round, you see across Rydal valley as your eye sweeps upward, the wierd and rock-ribbed ravines and peaks of Loughrig Sould looking down upon you.

We now ascend by Wordsworth's favorite walk around the cottage to the left, and up on the hill-slope beneath overarching shade, till we reach the summer house, in which, when seated, you command a lovely view of Rydal Water, with its bright green islands. William Hart, who painted our picture, evidently stood on the other side, when he took his sketch, and looked at lake, islands, foreground, and hills, including the church and cottage, as though facing us from the opposite shore. We now set out in quest of *his stand point*, whence we could see the landscape lie painted. Descending in quick pace—for time hurried us—we crossed the valley, passed over the outlet of Rydal Water on a rustic bridge, and struck into the fields and bushes on the south shore, pushing our way bravely in this exploration, until we found a round bold rock, on which the artist doubtless sat when he took his sketch. Now I will give the scene in outline—in rough word painting—as we saw it. You, at home, may look on the painting and verify the representation. Seated on this rock southwest of Rydal Water, we see first a sloping stretch of green pasture, nearly to the water's edge. Just on the margin of the lake is a clump of

trees; they are mainly *birch*, but there are some *alder* and one low oak—the birch, in flowing outline, over-topping all. In front is an island in the lake, covered with shrubs and trees; a clump of Scotch pines lifting their heads in the center above the rest. To the left, near the lake center, is another island, with lower trees. A house is seen on the extreme left, on the margin of the lake, perhaps too far west to be brought into the picture. Across the lake, are luxuriant trees, and higher up, the closely wooded slope in which, a little to the right, we catch a glimpse of the turrets on the low church tower; and still above, we see where the cottage of Wordsworth is, though it is quite tree hidden. In front across the lake, the range of Rydal Knob lifts itself. To the right, on the far southeast, is Wansfell; and on the left and west, Nab Scar lifts its slopes, marked off on the lower part in fields pictured on the side, and above them, the wooded heights overlooking all. We see ranges of stone wall, marking the field outlines. Now turning to the right, on our side of the lake, a long range of stone wall, wavering up and down the hillside, bounds the pasture in which we are seated on the rock. There is a *gate* in the wall in front, where the cows in our picture are seen. On our extreme right is the hill of Loughrig. I have thus drawn a bow at a venture; but I think I have hit the “*Hart*” of our picture.

Now for Fox How, which W——, as a pilgrim to the “Arnold” shrine, *must see*; where the Roman History by the great Rugby head-master was mainly written. Fox How is down the sweet valley, a stretch of nearly two miles, and is abreast of the village of Ambleside. On we trudge, with full faith in Arnold, and our legs. We rise up and down, crossing a stone arched bridge, which, like Tennyson’s, in the “Brook,” forms an “eyebrow for the gleam beyond.” We look into green lanes; we catch frequent glimpses of flower sanctuaries, where floral beauty holds high court, in which humming birds and butterflies may woo the fragrance and sunshine, and feast on nectared dews. We are *inquiring pilgrims*, pulling many a door-bell. “Is it here,” we ask, “where Dr. Arnold lived?” and uniformly we are told, “It is *further on*,” until finally turning into a lane on our left, we accost a gardener, and he bids us enter, and leading us around a turn, the lawn and cottage of Fox How are in full view before us. Matthew Arnold, eldest son of the Doctor, and himself a writer of note, is seen playing croquet on the lawn with his wife, and a gentleman. W—— paused; but I said, “Go on, and tell your errand as an American admirer and eulogist of the father. You will not be thought rude, but will be welcomed; for human nature has always a susceptible side to such approaches.” Thus assured, W—— took counsel of his deeds rather than of his timidity, and stepping forward requested for a moment Mr. Arnold’s

attention. In a very cordial and genial way, this was instantly given. I then approached, and spoke of a recent lecture by my son at Richmond, Virginia, on the lessons to be learned from Dr. Arnold's life. W—— spoke also, of having read nearly everything which Mr. Matthew Arnold had written; and thus introducing ourselves, Mr. Arnold, after briefly referring with an air of gratification to the remarkable familiarity of Americans with current English literature, gave us the *entrée* of his grounds, requesting us to enter the garden and go round the house. As we passed, Mrs. Arnold—a slight, delicate lady—who had partly heard the conversation, glanced at us with a half covert, but yet pleased air, that her husband—whom doubtless she places, with all her fond heart on the highest human niche—should thus early meet responses from across the ocean. So we went round the grounds, looking in at the windows of the house, and getting impressions of the sunny and beautiful interior, adorned as the most cultured literary tastes would direct. On our way I saw, for the first time in England, three American trees, luxuriantly growing,—a new American willow, a deciduous cypress, and a gorgeous cut-leaved beech. Passing out, as we took leave of Mr. Arnold, I alluded with hearty admiration to these trees. It was plain, however, though he blandly smiled, that he was far better versed in Grecian poetry and architecture, and the principles of Hellenic æsthetic culture, than he was in the

poems which are “writ in trees,” and the graces and beauty embodied in the ever young, yet never exhausted charms to be seen in wreathing leaves and clustering crowns of foliage. My enthusiasm in that direction, elicited no response of felt sympathy. As we passed away—greeted as we had been so kindly—and greatly pleased with the unaffected and manly blandness of Mr. Arnold’s manner, I could not but wish that the owner of such a home, might be so cultured in his *whole* nature as to be able to enjoy and enter into converse with the many hued and living harmonies around him, in forms older than the classics, and yet ever young in a classic grace regal as the sunbeam.

Now we go to Ambleside, crossing the swift and crystal Rydal outlet, on stepping-stones bedded at easy striding distance in the clean gravelly bottom. There, W—— betook himself to buying photographs; but I, in grosser mood, entered the coffee room of the hotel, and lunched with extreme zest upon the most fragrant bread and butter I had found in England, made attractive by the accompaniment of rare cold beef, and home-brewed ale. Then, procuring a fly, we rode five miles to Windermere, admiring every inch of the way. As time pressed, we there took the train at 9 o’clock for Preston—which we reached about midnight. Finding the main hotel full, our porter took us to a small temperance house. We were conducted to the fourth story, and we were soon

in bed. It was not long however, before in the excited fancy of W—— the condition of his bed reminded him of a passage in Don Quixote, which he repeated with disgusted emphasis: “I say, Sancho! Feelest thou anything?” “Yes Master. I feel two or three anything.” And so W—— kept feeling and tossing wearing away some quarter hours, till in desperation he arose and dressing himself laid down on the outside of the bed to more quiet rest.

Morning came, August 30, bright and hot, and we were early on our way. We passed through the coal fields, and the “Black Country,” so called, by way of the eminence of soot, smoke, rust and cinders, through Wolverhampton and Dudley Port, to Birmingham. This great sturdy city we found to be far cleaner and more inviting than its environs. The clusters of coal mines, the forests of tall smoking chimneys, the dense smoke in the air, the huge blast furnaces, and iron mills, seemed as we neared Birmingham to cover whole counties. Still pressing forward, we soon took the train for Kenilworth Castle. We were disappointed in this ruin, and I will not further allude to it, except to note the rich varieties of the variegated English Holly luxuriantly growing here.

From Kenilworth we rode to Warwick Castle. This old stronghold of feudal grandeur is kept in perfect order, and is now occupied by the proud Earl, descended from the great “king making” Warwick. This castle was a rare sight. I will only glance here

rapidly at some few details. We were led through long suites of great State apartments—halls—banqueting rooms—drawing rooms—armories—reception rooms—state bed rooms, etc., etc. There were paintings and portraits of rare value—some by great masters. There were costly curiosities from all lands; the spoils of many palaces, which wealth and lordly greed had accumulated here. We saw an inlaid mosaic table of costly stones, said to be the finest in the kingdom, and worth fifty thousand dollars. We saw all kinds of armor and military weapons. Now, we lift ourselves by hundreds of weary steps to the top of the lofty tower; and here, a view, typical of the most fertile and highly cultured English landscapes, stretches out in wide perspective on every hand. In grove and valley, in sweep of winding stream, in vast reaches of fat meadow, in glowing harvest fields, in clustering towns with every element of beauty, the princely realm of the Earl of Warwick lay all around below us. Directly under the castle walls on the rich slope of the old moat, stand gigantic Cedars of Lebanon clothed in brilliant green, with their labyrinths of wide reaching branches extended one above the other as if *stratified* in great sheets of foliage. These cedars from the heights of Lebanon, grew from seed which the old mailed crusaders, who left these castle gates of yore, brought back from their wild adventures. So friendly do the soil and climate of England prove for the cedars, which in their native heights like

worshipers on the mountains, look down in grandeur upon the rich plains of Damascus, that their growth beside this castle has yielded huge trunks, which have been cut up into fragrant cedar boards, with which one of the vast castle halls is finished. Directly under the walls, in dense clumps, were dark and solemn yew trees, standing as if conscious and faithful wardens they felt the full dignity of an office which they had filled so worthily for centuries. Descending, we saw in a garden temple—built expressly for it—the gigantic marble “Warwick Vase,” a relic of Grecian sculpture, transported from classic soil; itself an ancient waif amid Attic ruins, when not a stone of the great castle, whose gardens it now graces, was quarried, and not a laborer of all those toiling throngs that once raised these sturdy towers, was born. But we cannot linger longer here.

We are bound now for Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born, and died. It is late, and we are weary, as we return to our fly; and our driver, sullen from our long tarry on the castle walls, and in the castle halls and gardens, whips his dumb and patient horse, and we in silence rest on the high backed seats for a ride of eight miles to the Red Horse Inn, in Stratford. Here, after supper, we are soon in bed, to await the morrow.

I now remember, that I should have noted when at Preston, that Arkwright—afterward knighted as “Sir Richard”—was born at Preston; and that while

living there, he invented the Spinning Jenny, which made him famous. His native city is all alive with twirling spindles; and many a great spinner's fortune has thus taken its rise in Arkwright's brain.

Stratford-on-Avon, August 31.—We are up bright and early this beautiful morning, at the Red Horse Inn, for our hours with Shakespeare, before we hurry back to London. As we go down the stairway to the coffee-room, we see in gilt letters on the door of one of the ground floor parlors of the Red Horse, the words "Washington Irving's Room." It was here the world honored American wrote some of his "Sketches," while breathing the native air of Shakespeare. So, literary celebrities affiliate, and are grouped along the centuries.

Stratford is a quaint and quiet town. Passing down the main street about a half mile we come to the old Shakespeare house, of which I have pictures. There is quite a museum of relics and curiosities in the way of autographs, old copies of his plays, etc., kept here, which I will not enumerate. We go up the winding oaken stairway, into a low room with a great old fireplace. Here Shakespeare was born. The walls are written over with names of visitors by the thousand. The floor is nearly worn through; the rough and ancient beams supporting the ceiling are all indicative of great age. We next visit Trinity church, in which is Shakespeare's grave, and the

monument erected by his daughter. My pictures of the monument will best explain it. The church is very old. In its rear, close to the wall and near the grave of Shakespeare, the calm still Avon runs, and beyond across the river are lovely reaches of silent meadow land. Ancient trees overhang the stream. Shakespeare's wife is buried beside him. We now go to the cottage in the adjoining town of Shottery, where the great dramatist courted Ann Hathaway. Arriving there, we are shown into the old living room, remaining as it was when it was Ann's home. We sat in the huge chimney corner underneath the vast open fireplace, where doubtless he and Ann often sat and courted; but whether she, of some twenty-eight years, or he, of nineteen, courted, or was courted, there is no authentic record. We were shown her bed and the old linen sheets still carefully preserved. They belong now to a widow relative of hers, who told us that she had been offered over two thousand dollars for the old mahogany bedstead. We drank water from the well, took some flowers from the garden, and left, to take the train for London, which we reached about 6 o'clock.

September 1.—Another busy day in London, in preparation for our start for the Continent.

CHAPTER XVII.

LONDON TO HEIDELBERG.

Dover. Crossing Channel. Calais. France. Belgium. Brussels. Cathedral. Sabbath Service. High Mass. Liege. Cologne. Cathedral. Going up the Rhine. View Leaving Cologne. Old Town House. Roman Associations. Bonn. Seven Mountains. Beautiful Homes on the River. Heights. Ruined Castles. Hanging Vineyards. Railroad Tunnels. Bingen. By Rail to Heidelberg. Changing Cars. Difficulties of Speech. Feather bed Coverings. River Neckar. The Castle—Its Beauty. Meeting Friends.

Saturday, September 2.—Left in the train at 7:40, from the Victoria Station for Dover. We ran rapidly the eighty miles, at the rate of fifty-two miles per hour, through Canterbury, which we could not stop to see, across another great chalk region, till passing through Chatham, we reached the Channel at Dover. The day was calm as possible, and we went across to Calais—twenty-one miles—withoutripple. Not one passage in a hundred is so still. We watched the lofty chalk cliffs of Dover as they receded; till the lower ranges of the French coast, came into view; and

in one hundred minutes from our embarking we are in France, a truly foreign land. Now, the passports must be shown, which we had *viséed* by the French Consul in London. We crowd through the throng, loaded with our luggage. We pass the ordeal of the jabber, and examination, and finally we are in the cars swiftly leaving Calais *en route* for Brussels in Belgium. The day is intensely hot. There is nothing very noticeable as we slowly ascend from the low and flat sea coast. The water in the fields for miles is very near the surface, and great ditches are cut as boundaries and drains, for the small farm holdings, and the produce of the land is floated off in huge skiffs, pushed through the slime and weeds of the sluggish ditches, instead of by land carriage. Soon we go through another custom house, and passport examination, as we cross the frontier and enter Belgium.

At evening we arrive at Brussels, and put up at the Hotel Mengelle. We are shown to a fine room with rich and massive mirrors and furniture. A profusion of clean water is supplied, with the cleanest possible appointments. After supper, as is our wont, I betake myself to pen and ink, and W—— goes out to see by gas-light the strange and tortuous streets.

September 3.—Sabbath. A beautiful day. At London, just as we left, I got letters, with printed slips from the Cleveland papers, giving intelligence of the

dreadful steamboat explosion on Chatauque lake. My heart has been with our dear friends thus overwhelmed in sorrow, almost constantly since the sad intelligence. I have written to-day to Mr. and Mrs. W—, though I am still in great suspense as to the result. Nothing can avail them in this great trial but Divine solace.

Belgium is a papal country; and this morning we went to the Cathedral service. The interior is very imposing; it is of white stone from pavement to the lofty ceiling resting on groined stone arches. It has a vast nave and aisles. At the east end is a choir, with the high altar, and the west end is appropriated to the great organ in its loft, and the singers. On the sides of the aisles next the walls are carved wood confessionals, each with a seat for the priest, and two kneeling stands for the deluded devotees, who are taught that ecclesiastics—it may be greater sinners than they—can absolve from sin. Midway in the nave is the preaching pulpit. On the massive stone columns between the nave and aisles are brackets, on which stand gigantic marble statues of the twelve apostles. There are many paintings. The pulpit is a marvel of the most elaborate wood carving. It represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden; also the proclamation of salvation by winged angels; and standing on the lofty canopy is a statue of Mary piercing the head of a dragon with a spear. Foliage of the most perfect

detail—representing twining vines and leaves—adorns the whole structure. There is running around the cathedral, the never absent monk's walk, just below the clerestory. On the pavement in the nave, near the transept, an altar is erected for the Virgin. She stands, a life size statue, holding her child, arrayed in a magnificent damask silk robe, with costly lace and wearing a crown profusely adorned with gold and jewels. She, and the babe, are of exquisite beauty as works of art. A short distance in front, a pyramid of lighted candles is kept constantly burning. Poor devotees are kneeling here; their lips rapidly moving in the whispered mummary of prayers told off with beads. The service was consummately adapted to make a sensuous impression upon the ignorant and credulous. The singing was of surpassing beauty. The great organ rolled the richest chorals through the vast structure, and trained singers with the musical culture of *Prima Donnas*, took part in the service. The whole ritual was a prolonged song, and recitative. The priests, full robed, were seen engaged in their pantomime before the altar in the extreme end of the choir. The organ and singers at the west end, would burst out into song for a few minutes, then ceasing, concealed male singers near the distant altar, would respond in the richest strains. At intervals, bells, concealed in the nave, would ring out a silver toned and startling signal for some

change or period in the service. And this they would call Divine worship. What a mockery!

In the afternoon we attended the Protestant chapel (Episcopal) kept up by the English church. On our return to our hotel, we went into another Romish church, elaborately built in the Grecian style, where we saw in part the celebration of High Mass. I will not detail the tedious and meaningless ritual; but will refer only to the climax. After long pantomime performances by the priests, variously arrayed, before the altar,—passing and repassing each other; taking up the great Missal, and moving to the other side of the altar, putting it down again; with chants, singing, and bell ringing long drawn out, there was at last a period. A full robed ecclesiastic now ascended the altar steps, and opening the doors, took out the golden wafer, and lifting it aloft, led in a procession of priests and boys in service around the altar. Soon, he placed it in front again, and with the whole train engaged in repeated bowings and genuflections. Meanwhile the organ is heard in full chorus—sounding bells are ringing—a boy behind the chief official is jerking and tossing up rapidly what seemed to be a silver ball held by a cord—and so, with clangor, and din, and mummary the ceremonial ended: which to, me seemed pagan, instead of Christian, and revolting to all true ideas of Divine worship. Then, a fat priest came out, followed by boys; and passing down the nave,

scattered about upon worshipers, with a short handled brush, the holy water. No wonder that those whose only idea of Christianity, is that it consists in such mummery, should, when emancipated from the superstition, discard it as unworthy of the human intellect. But will we, who are Protestants, and have been made free, show a living earnestness in our devotion to true soul liberty, and spiritual service, which will impress others with the conviction that we are equally devout, and sincere, with these poor blinded devotees to pagan rites? May God grant that we may. In the evening we went again to the cathedral, and heard a sermon in German—to a very few attendants. Preaching the word of life is no part of papacy.

September 4.—Left Brussels this morning by train for Cologne. Day, bright and hot. We soon reach an inclined plane, and are let down by an iron rope into the valley of the Meuse, descending four hundred and fifty feet to Liege. Ascending the opposite slope we go through many tunnels, traversing a country rich in coal and other mines; and largely engaged in iron manufacturing. At evening we reach the dirty city of Cologne. We are besought the first thing, at our hotel, (the Royal Victoria,) to buy a case of Cologne water; which we did, to bring home. We take a guide and go at once to the great cathedral, now being finished. It is a wonderful pile. We have full

views from various points, and I will not pause to dwell upon details.

The next morning we embarked in a beautiful steamer, to ascend the storied Rhine. Dream of my life! Is it real, that I am on these waters?—not classic, it may be, but every inch, living with historic interest: the Rhine which for two thousand years has been the wager of battle between the great European powers. Rome possessed it; and when Rome fell, the rising empires faced each other on its banks; seized its impregnable heights and built strongholds—proof against everything but modern cannon—on every eagle's nest along its borders. The Rhine! broad—bluish green—rushing northward to the sea in full torrent—its waters vast and mighty, as the great mountains in which it takes its rise. Yes, we are on the Rhine. Not a word too much has been said, or written, in praise of its wondrous charms and beauty. We go south ascending the swift waters, but our fleet steamer is fully equal to the task. At first, leaving Cologne, the banks are low and level, in rich meadow reaches of wide valley. The view of the city, as we leave it, is never to be forgotten. High above everything with one exception, towers the old cathedral, which when finished, is to be the tallest and grandest gothic pile on earth. Next in size to the cathedral, we see the old Town House, with its great weird spire, and vast hall below—the scene of many a rough

encounter of turbulent burgomasters, of lordly barons, and of martial kings. Cologne was an old Roman town. Here, Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, was born, and lived, fifty years before Christ. She led here, a Roman colony of veterans. Cologne too was one of the old Hanse towns—a free city—when there was freedom from barbarous baronial rule nowhere, but in the banded cities. The cathedral was the conception of the prince of poet architects,—Gerad of Riehl,—who laid the foundation in 1248. His original plan, on parchment, has been found, after it had been many years lost; and the mighty spires, to be the tallest in the world, are now going up in exact adherance to the old plan. Those Gothic architects were the great poets of the medieval times—writing in stone. But we cannot linger at Cologne. Our swift steamer soon brings us to the old university city of Bonn, royally seated in queenly beauty on the Rhine. Now the shores lift up into picturesque heights. Across from Bonn, lie the seven mountain peaks, some of them commanded by vast old castles; and all of them girt from their seats far up their sides with vineyards, which for centuries have produced noted wines. We are intent in passing, upon the tortuous streets of the old city of Bonn, and its great university buildings. As we ascend, my eye is fixed, as with glass in hand, I see the marvelously beautiful homes which cluster on the river banks. I see a

wealth of rich and ever varied wreathing of drooping shrubbery. There are running creepers of every hue, trained in long festoons around arbors, across sweet bits of the brightest and softest lawn, and forming many a delightful bower, in which tea tables stand—for the Germans eat much in the open air. But new views ever demand attention. I cannot name the hundredth part of that which charmed us through the long bright day, with ever new aspects of the castles, which throng on the heights on either shore. Not a lofty peak, not a bold and massive rock, but in the long past, some rough warrior had seized, and held as a citadel, frowning defiance upon all without. Many a legend and tale of romance, many a poem, have taken rise from these storied towers, which sit now in solitude, their “banquet halls deserted,” and the softening gloom of ages resting on their scenes of turbulence and blood. As we ascend, the vineyards multiply and cluster on every rocky mountain side. These decaying rocks of volcanic origin, furnish a specific food for the vine; and wherever an inch of soil can be found for a root, the vintager climbs. In many a vineyard that we saw, you would think the vinedresser would need wings to reach them, and ropes to fasten him to the sheer rocky steeps. As we ascend, the current increases in swiftness, until at last, we see a great floating flouring mill, moored out in the stream, with a huge water wheel driven by the rushing waters.

There are railroads on each bank, and we see swift trains passing in and out of frequent tunnels cut through the rocky headlands. These modern trains are mightier than castles and old warriors, to shape the destiny of states.

As evening sets in we reach Bingen with its clustering lights.

"Sweet Bingen! on the Rhine."

Here we leave the river, and take the rail for Heidelberg. It is bright moonlight as we wind among the hills. We met here with quite amusing difficulties of speech. We had gotten the impression from some source, that before reaching Heidelberg there would be a change of cars. Loaded as we were with packages, which had steadily accumulated from our little purchases by the way, the prospect of changing—especially at night—was most formidable; in a land too where we could communicate only in Dutch or French—we hardly knew which—and we could speak little of either. Overcome by fatigue as the night wore on, we dozed in our seats; but constantly haunted by the prospect of a change, which would need to be rapidly effected, yet we could find no one who could tell us *where*, or *when*. At last the train stopped suddenly in a long depot; and we heard a man calling aloud some notice to passengers as he swiftly went by. Springing to his feet, though only half awake, W— now felt that he *must know* whether our time had

come; anything would be better than longer suspense. Rushing to the car window, which was let down,—though our compartment was locked—and with a confused conviction that something must now be done—whether in Dutch, French, or what not, he hardly knew—he hailed the passer, shouting, “*Monsieur! Monsieur!*” This arresting the man’s attention, he stopped and looked toward us. W—— seizing his opportunity, with an emphasis which shook his whole frame, shouted, “*Monsieur! OUT—COME—HERE?*” For a moment the man looked doubtfully; but soon concluding, probably, that there was a crazy man in the car, he started on. W—— having for once exhausted his powers of speech, threw himself on the seat in mute resignation to the course of events.

At midnight we enter the fine old city of Heidelberg, and find our way to our Hotel de Baden. Ushered into our bedroom, we are greeted with a sight inspiriting when the mercury ranges from seventy-five to eighty degrees, of *feather beds*, and **FEATHER COVERLETS!** The latter we tumble upon the bare clean floor, and soon we are asleep.

September 6.—Brilliant morning. We are up betimes to resume our sight conquests. Engaging a fly, with a bright Dutch driver, we go trundling and jabbering up the steep mountain side—overlooking

the swift river Neckar—to the great castle, seated high above the town. We wind and turn on the hill-side, in and out, until finally,—seeing great stretches of valley below, of hillside beyond, clothed with vineyard and forest—we go above even the castle, to a Swiss chalet, perched as a lookout over all. Here, as we stood on the balcony, looking intently down, who should give us a warm greeting of delighted surprise, but our old traveling companions in Ireland and the Welsh mountains, Messieurs L—— and W——. We went together to the castle, the finest ruin we had seen. I have vivid pictures of its rich *facades*, still strangely beautiful in their sculptured stone tracery, and thronging statues. I have pictures also of the big wine tuns—one of them holding fifty thousand gallons. We bought, too, other views which you will delight to see.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BADEN BADEN TO THE ALPS.

Baden Baden. Beautiful Gardens. Music. Evening Crowds in Open Air. Conversazione. Gambling Tables. Players. Great Demoralization. Strasbourg. Fortifications. Filth. Cathedral. Astronomical Clock. Switzerland. Basle. Fish Market. Münster. Ancient Council Room. Current Ferry. The Alps.

Bidding adieu to our friends, we take the train for Baden Baden, the great gambling watering place. We arrive at 7 o'clock, and after supper at our Hotel Ville de Baden, we go up to the great rendezvous. As we approach it we pass through beautiful groves, and gardens, and come to brilliantly lighted streets. We see great crowds of people walking or seated in the open air, listening to the music of an exquisitely trained band, of many stringed and wind instruments. Probably no band in Europe is superior. Covering two sides of a great square are shops, arranged as a bazaar, with the most elegant appointments of counter, case, and plate glass; and the most varied and dazzling display of the costliest jewelry. We see great diamonds, and flashing gems of every hue, set

in massive gold ; also lavish ornaments of pearl, and others of blood coral. We see a profusion of the richest silks and laces, and all that can so irresistibly tempt the fair and frail daughters of Eve, to say nothing of *man's* susceptibility to such attractions. At Baden money is often lavishly made at the gaming table ; and that so suddenly acquired is sure to be prodigally spent, to please either self or some petted favorite ; and so, the silken, jeweled, golden net is set in the sight of many birds, and silly throngs are snared, and take pleasure in it while any money lasts which they can clutch, it matters too often little whether by fair means or foul. But we now approach the great magnet where Satan reigns and ruins. In its front are hundreds of all sizes and sexes, seated at tables, drinking wine and beer in the open air. Young girls, and beaus ; richly dressed belles, and cocknies ; bedizzened military officers, attracting the fair as candles draw moths ; middle-aged married men and women, and the aged ditto ; pure, soft, sweet faced young girls, with the unmarred innocence of danger of inexperienced youth ; even delicate little children, who ought hours before to have been in bed ; flaunting and brazen women ; and debauched *roués* ; all, in one mazed and glittering *melee*. For this is a great fashionable watering place. And must not multitudes, as bound in chains to the great lures of folly and of fashion, come annually here ? But we are yet to see the magnet. Look up now at this showy pile,

glittering with gilding and white enamel. See the colonnade of eight Corinthian columns forming a spacious portico. The lofty windows are ablaze with the lights within. We enter, and pass through the vast "Conversazione," as the glib tongued devil calls it. Passing the bar, with every costly wine and stimulant, we enter the ranges of long drawing rooms. A regiment would find ample space to parade in these. We approach first the roulette table. The crowd standing around it is six or eight deep; on either side opposite the wheel, are the owners of the bank—the arch imps in the throng,—they have before them long piles of gold and silver coin, clean and gleaming from the mint. Around the table are seated thirty to forty eager men and women, who venture their money at each time that one of the bankers—so called—deftly twirls the wheel, and shoots the little ivory ball. The number it lodges on, in the whirl, decides the stake; and with long handled rakes the money is rapidly drawn hither or thither, according to the issue of the throw. We see money in heaps rapidly lost and won, but get no clue to the method of the madness; nor would we if we could. We next go to one of the great card tables. Here there are piles of money, and throngs of players. Only one plays the cards, and decides the ventures of all. There are more women playing here. Some are evidently French. They would, with frenzied infatuation, redress here, the monied losses of their terrible chastisements.

What hard flinty faces you see grouped around these tables. Great fat, showily dressed, and jeweled women, with hardly a trace of the true woman left in any feature; young women too, held as by a spell, within the fatal lure; and men, whose cold leaden selfishness would clutch without scruple the last dollar of an orphan's patrimony. But we have seen enough; and we leave this gilded pandemonium. The quickness of the man who plays the cards for all—his celerity in swiftly manipulating them and seeing at a glance the issue—his rapid counting of large amounts of money, deftly seizing the coin from the shining piles before him, and with unerring accuracy of aim flinging in front of each of the players the amount of their winnings; or sweeping the stakes of the losing players into his own coffers,—were all remarkable. There was instant and implicit acquiescence by all in the swift decisions of the one handling the cards. No wranglings; all was apparent harmony. But beneath the smooth and still exterior, what a fatal crop of heart blightings was being rapidly reaped here! What desperate ventures, and keenly felt reverses! What bitter malignities in the hearts of the losers, as others possessed the coveted treasure; and influences no less malign upon the hearts of the winners, confirming them in an unscrupulous and grasping selfishness, which is itself the most intense and deadly sin. Baden Baden!—name of deep and damning reproach to the petty prince who *legalizes* in his little realm,

this stupendous gambling which lures multitudes to ruin, because it yields to him a large revenue. Better that he and his dependents were all deposed and banished, than to live and riot in petty state upon such resources.

September 7.—Splendid day—though hot. Off early in the train for Strasbourg. Here too a mighty and deadly game and stake of war, was played. We swept in our train in a long circle around the fortifications, before entering the so recently beleagured and captured city. How completely we are disenchanted! In our simplicity, having heard and read so much of Strasbourg as a mighty and impregnable fortress, we had fancied the city to be a great walled stronghold perched high on some commanding acropolis, and bristling with defiant towers and battlements; a city that could not be hid; but which would ever thrust itself upon the view of all in the whole region where it was enthroned,—a very Gibraltar. But how unlike all this, the real Strasbourg! A low, obscure, and intensely filthy city, spread out wide, flat, and slimy, upon what would pass well for a great stretch of wet Dutch bottom land. It is true that seen from afar, the weird old cathedral lifts itself above all like a gigantic high shouldered and hump backed man in a crowd of pygmies. Yet nevertheless, here, as elsewhere, *appearances* are most deceptive; for Strasbourg was, and is, notwithstanding its low and flat

position, a great military fortress and citadel. Lofty and massive stone walls are not strong defences against modern cannon. They may soon be breached and battered down. But the strong defences are *earthworks*, and these surround in long lines of circumvallation the entire city; within which vast armies may be housed and fed, and great military stores accumulated. We went on entering, to the Hotel Angleterre, attracted simply by the *English* name; being heartily tired of trying to make ourselves intelligible to our fellow creatures by jabbering a gibberish of *Dutch French*. Well, verily, we found waiters who could understand some English; but such filth! The very memory still offends the outraged stomach. The fact is, Strasbourg is all filthy; still reeking in the stenches of a great beleagured army quartered on the town, swarming in every dwelling, and like vermin, preying upon, while begetting uncleanness. A vast part of the city lies in ruins, battered down into heaps of crumbling and fallen walls, by the Prussian shells and cannon in the bombardment. They are rapidly rebuilding it; for now the conquering Prussians are causing it to rise from its ruins, and become for them an impregnable stronghold. The principal attraction is the cathedral. It was planned for two towers, but only one is completed. This is said to be the loftiest in Europe. Its twin tower by its side, about half built, in some points of view greatly detracts from the

effect of the height of the one completed. When however you look up at the tower by itself, as it lifts its stone tracery nearly five hundred feet, it being finished to the extreme top in open airy stone work, the effect is very striking. The interior of the cathedral is of marked beauty and grandeur. It is Norman Gothic—the vast pillared majesty and strength of the Norman, and in transition from this, the pointed, rising, graceful and airy lines of the Gothic. There is much wealth lavished in this cathedral upon the adornment with gold, jewels, and paintings, of the several shrines of Our Lady, and Madonnas. The real attraction, however, is the great astronomical clock, which is made to represent the changes in the solar system of sun, earth, moon, and planets, for a thousand years. It is wound up once a year. Faithfully it keeps on its movement, long after he who made it has ceased to appear among men. But the intellect which conceived and brought into effective relation this vast piece of mechanism—so complicated and yet so accurate, so full of counterpoises, and compensations, to prevent what else would result in confused irregularities—is certainly not *less durable* than its own handiwork. There are other realms where mental time and power are put forth and measured, beside these lunar and solar spheres; and, in some higher, and it may be grander “mansion” of our Father, the mind that brought this clock into being and set it running parallel in movement with the great works of the

Creator, is doubtless now a nobler and purer worshiper of Him whose name is Holy and who inhabiteth eternity. I will not stop here to dwell upon the curiosities of this clock; its revolving train of the twelve apostles; and the crowing of the great cock when the hour strikes twelve. The great marvel is the astronomical feature, by which the earth, moon and planets appear now just as they are in the universe, in their varied and ever changing phases and relations—long after the clock maker to human view is dead.

While standing in the crowd around this clock, waiting and intently watching for it to strike twelve, and start its apostles, arouse the sleeping cock to life, and awake the cherub angel seated beside the dial, to turn over the hour glass it so patiently holds; who should I find there but our Miss G—— of Cleveland. What a greeting we had; joyful, and yet so full of the painful memories of the dreadful disaster to her, and our dear friends at home! We spent the remainder of the day together; and I endeavored to alleviate, as far as I might, her keen sorrow under a bereavement which she feels to be a sore personal affliction.

At evening we took the train, and at 8:50 arrived in Basle—Switzerland—putting up at the Hotel de la Cigogne, or “Stork Hotel.” The next morning we found that we were on “Stadthausgasse” street. Going to our open windows—for the night had been warm—we saw in front of our hotel an image of a

stork. Just opposite, in the second story across the narrow street of not over thirty-five feet, was a sign, "Vogt, Tailleur;" and below at a little distance to our left in a small triangular opening, a fountain with gushing waters filling an enormous stone tank, and crowds of men, women and children, with tubs, pails, pans, kettles, kegs, and jugs, who were obtaining water. Soon after W—— went out in quest of a bath house, and after bathing returned, telling me that the fountain was also a *fish market*, and that *living* fish were kept there in the multitudinous tubs, and sold *alive*. I then went down, and sure enough, there were great pickerel, and pike, and trout, and eels too, caught in the "Black Forest" on the Hartz mountains, and brought in to be sold alive. The purchaser selected his fish, and then the seller seized it, tapped it on the back of the head with a good sized door key, which instantly stiffened it, and then the buyer went off *sure* that he had *fresh* fish. I found further, by looking up in an inquiring mood at the front of our hotel, that its *normal name* was "Gasthof Zum Storchen." Are you not enlightened? I was. In the morning we visited the fine old cathedral here, called the Münster. The great roof is covered with ornamental tile of many colors, arranged in diamonds, the effect of which is quaint and marked. The cathedral in the interior is very pleasing. The proportions beautiful, and style Romanesque. There were the nave and double aisles, and choir, but no transepts.

Ascending by a flight of steps from the choir, we enter the chapter house, or council hall; kept as it was when a council of some five hundred ecclesiastics was held in it, continuously in session from 1431 to about 1443, attempting to reform the Papal church, and finally deposing Pope Eugene IV. He, in return, excommunicated the council, which finally broke up, leaving Pope and Popish faith and practice but little, if any, changed for the better, as the fruit of their long endeavor. The fact is, it is extremely difficult for councils, or others, to reform fallacy into truth, and corruption into purity, without abrogating the former and substituting the latter. However, the long agony was far from fruitless, for it was a part, by no means unimportant, of the great throes from which finally the Reformation in fact was born. The service in this cathedral is Protestant. There are many curiosities here, of old paintings and of rare old stained glass in great perfection. Back of the old Münster is a grove of enormous horse chestnuts, crowning a beautiful height looking down upon the blue and swift Rhine, which, just emerging from its Alpine sources, is rushing in resistless volume,—as if intently conscious of its mission,—to the all absorbing, and in turn the all imparting sea. On the other side is Klein Basel, with its busy population. A strong iron wire is strung across from the high banks, and a pulley made to run upon it. A ferry boat is attached to the wire by a chain connecting with the pulley.

The helm is so held as to bring the side of the boat at such an angle with the current, that the rushing waters striking the boat side as the wind strikes a sail, sweep the ferry from shore to shore, with the speed and power of steam. We went over, and back; thus again, paying our profound respects to the regnant Rhine.

CHAPTER XIX.

SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS.

First view of Snow-covered Mountains. Lucerne. The Lake. Reflections at night. Zurich. Hotel Baur au Lac. Beautiful Garden. Lake Views. Crystal Water. Sabbath Service. Gross Münster. Statue of Charlemagne. Afternoon Service. Blind Precentor and Organist. Pulpit in which Zwingle Preached. House where he lived. Grandeur of the Scenery around Zurich See.

In the early afternoon we left for Lucerne. Now entering the Alpine region, we are swept in our train through frequent tunnels; around mountain sides; along and across winding and often lovely valleys; until toward sundown we come in sight of the snow clad Alps. This was my first view of mountains lifted into the realm of everlasting snow. We had been vigilant to catch the first impression; and now, there were the giant heights in a long range, seated far up in the deep heaven, holding their vast and stainless breasts ever upward, as if in adoration of their Maker. It was a life long dream, at last realized. We were all rapt in vision. We changed from side to side of the

car in eager gaze, to get every new expression, as the train kept threading the winding valleys.

At early twilight we reached Lucerne, and put up at our Hotel Schweizerhof, fronting the beautiful lake. Just above us on the right, as if actually over our heads, were the ragged peaks of Pilatus; and on the left, the pointed cone-like top of Rhigi; while in front, bounding the whole horizon, was the lofty snow-clad range, which had riveted our gaze in the afternoon. Retiring to bed, I awoke in the night. There was the sound of the rush of a mountain stream, and the occasional subdued surge of waves on the beach of the lake. I could not sleep; for those white visions of worshiping mountain shrines continually passed in view in my crowded and busy memory. I could find no words so full of living meaning as those of David. I felt that I was in a hallowed presence. I felt that I could say with him, in sincere adoring:

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.”

“Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.”

And what was I in such a presence?—the creature of a breath! Nay more—a guilty sinner. But I thought gratefully of that Eternal Love which revealed itself in Christ; a love more glorious and stainless than those snow white heights. I would be in harmony with that Divine Love; I would be satisfied could I be

in that likeness; I would desire to worship "in the beauty of holiness." I pondered upon the mercies which had thronged through my whole life. I saw with some feeble justness of discernment the hatefulness of the sins which so perpetually ravaged my heart; and I felt that I could say truly with David;

"Who can understand his errors?—cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me;
Then shall I be upright,—and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."

September 9.—Day cloudy. Mountains all veiled. We left in the afternoon,—having spent a good part of the morning in repacking our luggage,—for Zurich, to spend the Sabbath there. We arrived at evening and took rooms at the Hotel Baur au Lac—which, as the name indicates, is on the border of the lake.

Sunday, September 10.—Glorious day. Our hotel fronts a beautiful garden, kept in the highest condition, which is bounded on the one side by one arm of the outlet of the Lake, and on another by the Lake of Zurich, or "Zurich See." Nothing can be lovelier than this location. On the edge of the outlet is a promenade, some ten feet above the water, and shaded by a row of Plane trees, headed down, so as to render

the growth of the lower limbs more luxuriant. The water below is clear as crystal. You see the fish in swarms; and now, a rower in a small skiff pushes out toward the lake. His little boat looks as if riding in the air. Upon the bottom of the swift stream long green water grass grows in little patches, and streams down with the current in festoons, in which the fish find covert and grateful shelter, as men do in forests. There are some special beauties in this lake bordered garden which I will notice here. A peculiar grass, I never saw before; the tufted heads, soft, and silvery as the feathery plumage of a bird of Paradise. I plucked some of the heads, hoping that the seeds might be ripe enough to grow at home. I saw here the largest Tamarax trees I had ever seen—the boles big as an oak,—and the green tufted heads of striking beauty. There is a rock fountain here, full of great stalactites, and stalagmites. The water gushes from a score of fissures in the stone, and falls, with cooling sounds, into hollows and basins fringed with ferns and flowering aquatic plants, and runs away into shaded grottoes till lost to eye and ear. Birds are flitting merrily about these tempting basins. They trip upon the edges; they bathe in the water; they shake their wet wings and feathers, as in ecstasy they carol in the bright morning sunlight. But it is time for breakfast and church service. I have had a half hour of heart worship in this glorious temple of lake, air, trees, mountain and sunlight.

After breakfast, we went to the English Episcopal chapel. Two clergymen at the hotel—summer passengers like ourselves—having been duly robed in the surplus surplices, took part in the readings, with the usual sacerdotal tone. The preacher was the chaplain—probably a native Swiss, with broken English. A fair sermon, which W—— liked better than I ; being interested in his exegesis of the text. Still I was refreshed by the service. In the afternoon we went across the river Limmat, which issues from the lake, and ascending quite a rise, we enter old Zurich, and reach the Gross Münster, with its great towers, and sharp steeple planted (Swiss fashion) on the ridge of the roof far back toward the rear of the building. This is the cathedral, of Zurich. It is built sternly in the Romanesque style, of about the twelfth century. Charlemagne contributed toward its erection ; and in honor of this a statue of the renowned sovereign, seated, with gilded crown, and sword, is seen high up in the belfry of the west tower. In the position as seen from below, the foreshortening of the statue is so awry, that the emperor—in payment for his benefactions—appears to go down to posterity as though badly hump-backed. We enter the church, and find it pretty well filled for the afternoon sermon ; but nearly all are women, there being hardly a dozen men, including ourselves. We took the first convenient seat, in all innocence ; and while mutely surveying the sturdy columns of solemn stone which line the

nave and hold up the ponderous groined roof, we are motioned to leave our places amid the women and repair to some ancient stalls, which monks occupied in old time. Of course we readily adapted ourselves to the situation. The preacher first read the Scripture from a desk, and then, during the singing, he climbed by a winding stairway, into a high pulpit, fastened to one of the great columns, from which he preached in German. I listened reverently, but hardly intelligently. W— caught some of the utterances, and said it was a fair sermon. The singing was congregational, led by a precentor who was blind, and he read, as he sang, *with his fingers*, from raised letters for the blind. His voice was rich and powerful. The organ seemed to be buried in the floor beneath the pulpit. The organist was nearly hidden behind his keys; but at the close, when he went out, we found that he, too, was blind, and infirm with an affection of the back. It was in this pulpit, and this church, that Zwingle preached, and led the great Reformation among the Swiss in the days of Luther—in some respects grander and greater even than Luther himself.

After church, the sexton took us to the house where Zwingle lived. We stood in his study, looked out on the same little court-yard he saw, and were beside the same great porcelain stove which had often cheered him with its warmth. We saw his portrait

there, as a young man, with a look of fervid consecration to the great conflict for truth. He is *still* gloriously *young*, though long ago among the ancients, he has passed away from earth.

Returning to our hotel, the bright sunlight invited me to the lake border in the garden; and now, seated with me on the Zurich end of the lake, let me try and tell you of what we see. On every side, the lake is bordered with cultivated and luxuriant slopes, studded with clustering villages. You see groups of dwellings seated amid green and peaceful plenty, environed with vineyards which stretch far up the hill-sides. You see many spires of churches, which are planted in all directions on the lower rise from the water. A busy, virtuous, and it is to be hoped, devout population rejoice in homes planted here. There is first a green rise on all sides, thus peopled, for some five hundred feet. As the dwellers are lifted higher, they command wider views of the lake and the mountains, which, if you saw them, you would not wonder that the Swiss heart so strongly loves. Next, you see still lifted upward on all sides of the vast amphitheatre, hills which begin to take on the solemn dignity of mountains. They are covered mainly with forests; but in many a descending valley, on many a slope, though it be steep, of the rock disintegrated into congenial soil, the vineyards are lifted far upward. On the left or east, this second range completes the view, but on the right or west, and in the far front or south, it mounts

upward to a height like that of the Catskills on the Hudson—say three to four thousand feet. On the right, through openings in the hill-tops, you get glimpses, far away, of the high Alps. But directly in front, towering far above the range I have likened in height to the Catskills, is the Oberland Alps range—lifted into the realm of everlasting snow. How the eye lingers, and if for a moment diverted, turns again and again, to those gleaming heights; seeking to peer into the awful mysteries which have their everlasting home in that strange, white, cloud-capped world—above the world which we inhabit. On the extreme left of this range, there is one mountain, which as a gigantic promontory terminates the range, and which, as if challenging the whole world to look upon it, heaves up on its extreme summit—seen often far above the clouds—a vast plateau of stainless snow. There it stands immovable in the very depths of heaven, as if it were formed to be a fitting altar for the sublimest worship. Again and again, on that Sabbath afternoon, as I sat gazing on those far, pure heights, did I send my soul upward to bow upon that great altar, in adoring homage to Him who “setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power.” He who can look upon these wonders, and be not perpetually reminded of their Maker; he who, created in God’s image, and thus made capable of attaining to the knowledge of his Creator, has in the presence of these mountains, no word to utter of God—though

he may be a devotee of science—must have in truth, “the understanding darkened, being alienated”—however great may be his acquirements—“from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in him because of the blindness of the heart.” He who talks of *science* in God’s universe, and ignores God, whom to know, is the only everlasting science, is blind indeed. But, as Paul truly says, it is a blindness of the *heart*. It is because he *will* not know God, by diligently and devoutly seeking him in every way in which God reveals himself, that he remains in fatal ignorance of truth which is infinitely the greatest and most blessed that the soul can know, either here, or hereafter.

CHAPTER XX.

SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS.

Lucerne. Lion of Lucerne. Ride to Brienz. The Roads. Sarnen. Ancient Village Fountain. Hanging Mountain Pastures. Lungern. Goats from the Mountains. Night Ride over the Pass. Thunder Storm in the High Alps. Brienz. Giesbach. Interlaken. Jungfrau. Lake Thun. Bern. Lausanne. Geneva. Martigny. Martigny le Bourg. Over the Col de Balme. Summit of Col de la Forclaz. Pass of Tete Noire. Glacier du Trident. Narrow Escapes. First View of Mont Blanc. Aiguille Argentiere. Vale of Chamounix.

September 11.—We left Zurich in the train this morning, at 9:35, for Lucerne. The day is beautiful. Reaching Lucerne, we hire a coupe and coachee to take us to Brienz, over the Brunig Pass. Before leaving, we drove a moment to see the “Lion of Lucerne,” erected in 1821, in memory of twenty-six officers and about seven hundred and sixty soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who were massacred August 10, 1792, in defence of the Tuilleries. This dying lion is twenty-eight and a half feet in length, and reclines in an excavation in the rock, itself sculptured from

the face of the cliff where it lies. It appears to be dying from the fatal wound of a spear which transfixes the body. It is the work of the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. The whole mien of the lion is majestic. There is an expression of anguish, and yet of power, very remarkable. It will bear to posterity, recorded in its native rock, a noble testimony to the genius of its author.

Our ride is now winding for miles around lake margins, and directly under towering mountain heights. Our coachee does not know a word of English; but with W——'s scant Dutch and abundant signs, we manage to get on. Now and then I wish to take a still look through my opera glass at some striking peak; and we shout from our seat to the driver, to hold on. But he knows no such word as stop; and nothing but a dig in the back with my umbrella, brings him to consciousness. The roads—as are all roads in Europe—are perfect. At about 1 o'clock, we reach the little town of Sarnen, and our coachee stops to bait his horse. The hostler of the little inn brings a box trough, and a loaf of coarse bread, made mainly of oats, but raised and baked, as if for human feeding: and this, cut in small chunks, is the horse's dinner. While he is eating, we look at the antique fountain in the village square. The tank is hewn from solid stone, and bears the date of 1604. Above the gushing water, stands a rude stone statue, as of a monk in prayer, telling his beads. Time has

eaten into his face and form, by blurring all the outlines; but still, as the water runs, he ever stands, and looks sky-ward as in prayer. If the attitude is intended to symbolize gratitude to the Great Giver, for such a boon as ever-running water, there are truth and beauty in the symbol. I thought, when looking at his time-scarred face, that he had stood and prayed mutely there, since *fourteen years before* the landing of the Pilgrims from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock. What great world upheavals—what events of immeasurable meaning—have occurred since he first held his beads over that fountain! On a hill to the right, are the ruins—partly renovated—of an old Landenburg castle, built in the Byzantine style.

We are again on our way. We pass frequent shrines by the roadside—rude little coverts for a cross, or for some plaster effigy of the virgin and child. All along the mountain sides above the narrow valleys we are threading, cows are pastured, even to the very tops. Perched, as on some inaccessible and sheer slope high over our heads, are little rude barns, where the mountaineers store the grass cut from the *lower pastures*—as they call them—around the barns: while the cows in summer are way above them in the heights out of sight. When winter comes, they are driven *down* to these eagle-nests, and wintered there, on the hay in these barns. The dwellings of these frugal Swiss are very rude. They are covered with small wooden shingles on the sides,

laid on as are the scales of a fish, with rounded outlines; and the roofs often covered with great split staves of wood, laid on three or four deep, and held in place by string-pieces of timber laid upon them; and upon these great stones are piled, to hold all down in wind and rain.

About 6 o'clock, we stopped for supper at Lungern, at the Hotel du Lion d'Or, or Golden Lion. This is a little hamlet nestled on a valley bottom, where once doubtless had been a lake, which breaking away from its mountain fastness, had left some two hundred acres of flat precious meadow land, on which houses were now grouped, and the village church stood; while on all sides, as in one vast amphitheatre, the mountain heights look down upon this little populous bottom, seeming to lift around it barriers high as the stars which gleam in the horizon. After supper, as we stood in the narrow street, we heard quite away, a busy tinkling, tinkling of many bells, which gradually grew nearer, until soon there came from behind the cottages, in a long file down the steep mountain side, a flock of goats, with udders full of milk, which they had derived from the dew and mist-watered pastures, high over our heads; and were now driven down by a boy to their cottage owners. When the sounds grew nearer, we had noticed an old woman standing near the path, as if in expectation, and when the flock came, she tottered into their midst, and seizing the patient goat to which she had title, she led it to

her home, content to get her sustenance from this most valuable of her worldly goods.

But we must go on, for night will fall around us in the mountains before we cross the pass. I had taken the precaution to see that our coupee was provided with lamps, and our coachee with matches; and finding all right, we went on assured. It was after dark when we reached the summit, and thus the wide and wild and wonderfully picturesque views for which this pass is celebrated on the Brienz side, were lost to us. But we had another sensation. We had noticed for some time, gleams of lightning, among the high peaks; but supposing it only heat lightning, we thought little of it. Our lamps were now lighted; and as we wound around the mountain tops, we had occasional views, far down, of the clustering lights in some hamlet in the deep valley bottoms. It was cheerful to see, in these great solitudes, that even here, He "setteth the solitary in families." But now the clouds thunder in earnest. We are in a veritable thunder storm, among Alpine peaks. Our coachee carefully puts up the cover over us, and well protected from the now drenching rain, amid fierce gusts of wind, and frequent lightning flashes, and thunder peals echoing from height to height, we go down the long winding road cut from the rocky mountain side to Brienz. At frequent intervals, a vivid gleam of lightning reveals the lake and wide valley far below; and we are conscious of the loss of views of matchless

beauty, did the sun stream his flood of radiance into that valley, instead of the lightning's fitful flash. Arrived at Brienz about nine, we are shown to our comfortable rooms in the Hotel de l'Ours Brienz. We open the windows for fresh air; and now, in the thick darkness, we see nothing but hear as if under us, the surge of the lake, which has been wave-tossed by the storm; when suddenly there was a blinding gleam of lightning, and instantly a crashing bolt of thunder, as though a broadside had been discharged. W—, awed by this demonstration of human helplessness amid these mountains, hastily closed our windows. It was the climax of the storm. Before long W— is asleep; and I busy with my journal, until the lake waves have hushed their surging, and the morning hours are drawing on.

September 12.—Beautiful morning after the rain. Silvery mists are seen softly rising along the mountain sides in the early sunshine. We are soon on the steamer for Interlaken. And now, as we launch out on this bright sheet, hemmed in on all sides by precipitous mountains, we cannot believe it possible that in the darkness of the night before, we had come down from near the clouds; it seeming to be impossible without wings. We soon reach—on the opposite side from Brienz—the noted falls of the Giesbach. The water, in a sheet of foam, falls into the lake; but the main portion is higher up in the forest, near the

hotel, which is a great resort. We cannot stop to remain a night, and see the falls illuminated, though it is said to be a sight of wondrous beauty. As our boat stops at the wharf to take on passengers from the hotel, four Swiss girls are singing a wild Swiss air and chorus. The cliffs all around are of limestone, nearly as white as marble; and the waters of the lake, though clear, are milky with lime held in solution. Arrived at Interlaken, we stop only for a brief lunch at our fine Hotel des Alpes, and we are on the way by omnibus to the boat on Lake Thun. As we pass, we see the precise view, seen in my glass stereoscopic plate. The snow-clad mountain in the center is the Jungfrau; and the Silberhorn glacier is seen on its lofty front.

On the boat, we are happy to find President Loomis, of Lewisburg College, Pennsylvania, and his wife and son. We take a train at the other end of the lake, and soon reach Bern, where we lie over some two hours. Again we take the train, leaving this quaint old "Bear" city—with bears sculptured on all sides—and its business shops, back in the dark, behind a sidewalk for foot passers, cut into the buildings on their front. We cannot even lie over a train at Friburgh, to hear the great organ, but hurry on to Lausanne, arriving at about 11 P. M. at the Hotel du Faucon. Next morning, September 13, we left in the train for Geneva. We arrive at 10:30, and at the Hotel Beau Rivage et Angleterre, we are gladdened

by our packages of letters forwarded from London. We spend the day till 4 o'clock at Geneva; when we again take the train for Martigny, arriving at 10:30, and put up at the Hotel du Cigne.

September 14th.—Beautiful morning. We have engaged a mule and horse, (I riding the latter,) and a guide (called *geede*,) to cross the Col de Balme, into the valley of Chamounix. We wind our way for some two miles up the slowly rising valley, along the little stream named Drause, and through the long, dank, narrow street of Martigny le Bourg. The stone houses are tall, and the sun can strike their fronts in the close street, but a few minutes daily. They are densely populated; but a poor, sallow, infirm, gloom-smitten, and dejected people here hover in their chill dwellings, amid reeking filth. No marvel that with lime water, and such habits, cretinism should abound.

We soon begin rapidly to ascend. Within three hours we are four thousand eight hundred feet above the sea level as measured by my aneroid barometer. We have passed the valley on the left, which leads over the famed Simplon pass, into Italy, where Napoleon crossed. We have passed also on the left further up, the valley which leads to the Hospice of St. Bernard. We command as we wind and turn upon the mountain side, ever changing views of Martigny, and its level valley bottom, in which flows the distant Rhone. We see foot hills on which cottages and little

farm patches are lifted high, bordering the pass we are ascending. We hear the incessant tinkle tinkle of the cow bells, as their wearers are busy feeding on the pastures so steep that it would seem needful to be tied on to stand, and with nowhere a flat place large enough to lie down. At frequent intervals, the toiling mountaineers have built a range of stone wall, above the road; and filling the space between the wall and hill side with coarse stony soil scraped from the slope above, have planted their little potato patches, and we often see women digging the scant crop, as a treasured winter store. The ash, oak, birch, and other trees, which grow naturally on our way, are all headed in,—the sprouting growth of each year cut off in the early fall, and the hoarded twigs and branches laid by for winter fuel. There are large chestnuts, and English walnuts, growing bravely on this declivity, with some beeches; but these, all heavily laden with nuts, are left uncut; for their fruit yields food, instead of fuel, to the mountaineer. Far across the deep valley, on the precipitous mountain slopes, we see cows feeding, and women watching them; each faithful to the stern needs of their wild home. As we pass through the spruce groves—for there are no *pines* upon these mountains—we find the air fragrant with their gum. We are now on the summit of the Col de la Forclaz, five thousand feet above the sea, and thirty-four hundred above Martigny—as I measure it. On the summit is a rock, and on the

rock a rude cross planted, with a niche cut into the upright post, to hold a little plaster image rudely shielded by a bit of glass. If prayer suggested by the symbol, does indeed lift the heart of any to the Great Crucified, the mute symbol has a ministry of blessing. Taking my thermometer from my pocket, I found it ranging high from bodily heat; for I had walked up a part of the slope. I was curious to know what was in fact the real local temperature; and while we stopped a few moments at the little inn, I took the glass out of its case, and laid it on a stone in the shade of the inn, and within the influence of the wind which blew quite freshly from a great snowfield which seemed not a mile off upon an adjacent mountain; and I found that it marked 63° Farenheit.

Meeting on the summit, a party of Americans, we changed our plan, and concluded to go into the vale of Chamounix with them, by the pass Tete Noire, instead of the Col de Balme. Now we are all on our way descending. To the left, we get the first near view of a glacier—the Glacier du Trient. We are so near that the whole process of formation is apparent; from the soft snow as it falls high on the summit, to the banks wind driven below; to the rifts sinking with accumulated weight still lower; to the densely packed great snow waves pushed onward by the slide yet lower; to the breaks or crevasses in the advancing mass, checked on the bottom and sides by projecting rocks, where the *snow* now begins to be made *ice*, by

the dense thrust of the vast descending mass; and still lower, where the ice—at first milky and snow-like—becomes green and crystal; and last of all, where the descending mass drawn by gravity below, and pushed by resistless weight above, down the steep rocky gorge below the line of constant congelation, begins to melt, and the waters released by the sun from their icy chains, ooze, and trickle, and run, and at last break into a headlong and roaring rush down the valley,—the head spring of some river, thus kept ever flowing, and ever full.

Nothing can exceed the wildness of this pass, as we descend. Sometimes we look down a sheer fifteen hundred feet, to the rushing stream; sometimes we pass around jutting rocks, our path cut as a long wrinkle in their frowning brows,—once, we pierce a huge mountain buttress in our way by a tunnel; and high above us on either side, are the weird, wild, thunder-scarred granite peaks, pointed as needles, piercing the heavens. Stopping for dinner at the Hotel de Tete Noire, we buy some curiosities, and are again descending. I had been walking some distance, and motioning to my “*geede*” to bring my horse, I mounted a point of sharp rock by the road side some three and a half feet high, and standing on the ball of my left foot, sought to throw my right leg over the high knapsack strapped to the steep saddle-back. Failing to get my leg high enough it struck, and losing my balance, I swung round to the left and fell

broadside, back downward, directly in front of my horse, who started back, or he would have trodden on me. My fall was almost wholly on my right hip, and it spent its force just where the note book in my pocket furnished a shield from the stony ground. I was bruised, but in no wise strained, or permanently hurt; a remarkable escape from severe injury, for which I trust, I felt truly grateful.

Lower down, the same day, I had another escape, narrower than the first. I was riding ahead of the party. My horse—a very stupid and obstinate beast—had great blinders on his bridle, as is the usage here. His right blinder, I had noticed, through a twist in the leather, shut close over his eye. Suddenly, his horseship started as if shot, frantic with fright at a simple rock on the left of the path, and heedless of everything but his own silly terror, wheeled swiftly to the right, and not seeing the edge of the path there, came within a hair's breadth of throwing himself over;—shrinking back, only at the very verge, when he was round far enough to see where he was with the other eye. Had he gone off, he and I would have rolled over and under each other some twenty feet on sharp rocks into the stream below. W—now comes to my aid; and I take his mule,—by far the better *horse* of the two,—and yet, when we came to the steep descent into the valley, though lame from my fall, I walked, preferring my feet to those even of the faithful mule.

We now catch our first view of Mont Blanc—less imposing than subsequent views, save the *vastness* of its great reaches of stainless snow. The sun is now setting as we enter the upper part of the vale of Chamonix. We are hidden in the shade of the mountains; but high above us on our left, lifted to a dreamy height, is the Aiguille Argentiere, gleaming with the golden light of the setting sun. That was a sight never to be forgotten. The yellow radiance was lustrous as that of the full harvest moon. Every buttress and pinnacle of that castellated peak glowed as though veritable gold; and there, fixed in memory, in its transcendent height, it to me, is gleaming still. But night falls on us, and we have yet a weary two hours ride. Fatigue and deep twilight enforce silence, as we wear away the slow moments, until finally the cheering lights and sounds of the village of Chamonix are near. Soon, we are at our Hotel des Alps, and while eating supper, we hear cannon fired in honor of the return of a party which had just made the ascent of Mont Blanc.

CHAPTER XXI.

SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS.

Mont Blanc—Deceptive Impressions as to its Height as seen from its Base. Montanvert—Numbers there—Exciting Incident and Alarm. Mer de Glace. The Grinding of the Glacier—The Debris—Daily Movement of the Ice. Chaama. Moraines. Mauvais Pas. Hanging Patches of Grass. Swiss Girl Carrying Hay down the Mountain. Our Descent. Aiguille Du Dru. On the Diligence for Geneva. Glacier des Bossoms. View Described by Coleridge. Grands Mulets. Wild Gorge of Chammounix. Sallanches. Final View of Mont Blanc. Its Surpassing Grandeur. Cascade of Arpenaz. Villages. Goitre. Geneva.

September 15.—Our room looks out toward Mont Blanc, which lifts its head directly above us. We are up early to catch the first gleam of the rising sun, as it strikes the summit, long before it is sunrise in the valley. There are no clouds to hinder the view, and we get the earliest blush on the mountain top. But the view is strangely deceptive. It impresses only as a pleasing sun smile; we get little idea of its actual inherent grandeur. The summit seems *so near*, you fancy that a rifle of but moderate range would throw a ball to the very top. There is a flat roof of an out

house accessible from our window, and W—— has taken a chair and small table thither from our room, and now, with my telescope is taking long looks at the great snow height, and sweeping down the front as far as he can get an unobstructed view. He sees now clearly defined, the great rocks and snow fields—the long ridges of wind driven banks, and ranges of snow cliffs as lower masses have slid down from higher; yet still there is no overpowering impression from the great mountain monarch.

We breakfast, and with two mules, a guide and boy who speak only French, we are started for our day's excursion to Montanvert, and thence across the Mer de Glace. We soon leave the vale of Chamounix to our left and begin to mount up—ever winding and returning in our zig-zag course on the mountain side. After climbing some three hours, we reach the little eating house at Montanvert, where we dismount. Our boy is to take our mules back to the valley, and going around the foot of the glacier, is to ascend with them and meet us on the opposite mountain; and we are to cross on the ice.

We find many here on a like errand. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans,—men and women, alike devotees in this home of the grand and awful. We sit awhile on the moss-covered rocks above the building, to rest, and enjoy the views and warm sunshine. We have left Mont Blanc in the rear to our right. There is a summit high above us,

which looks easily accessible, and you think if once there, that Mont Blanc would tower grandly in view. W—— starts to climb it. He pushes vigorously up. I decline the tug, thinking it may be deceptive, and choose to loiter below, and look through my pocket microscope at the many hued lichen on the rocks, and talk with the strangers, who by a common purpose are made easily accessible. Before long I hear W—— shouting from the height. He had previously motioned to me not to follow, as, reaching what seemed the top, he saw nothing but peaks ever higher mounting above him. But now he shouts, "Father! I want the guide." I had previously sought the guide for another purpose, among the crowd of his jabbering fellows who were eating and drinking below, and had not been able to identify him; and thinking W—— only wanted him to ask the names of the peaks he saw, I shouted in reply that I could not find the guide. But instantly, and repeated, there comes back the shout, made faint by the distance, "I want the guide. Father! I want the guide. Send up the guide." A flash of alarm now seizes me. Has the child slipped and caught on some shelving rock? Is he holding on weakly and wanting help? Is he hurt by a fall? And now mingled with the call for the guide I fancy that I hear him say, "Send up some whisky." This confirmed my fears, and now, thoroughly terrified, I rush down for the guide, whom through the good offices of our boy, I found.

I then borrow a long Alpen stock from a gentleman present, and I send the guide in all haste up the mountain side, I following, hot and nearly breathless from haste which my fears—at times rising to terror—had impelled. “Is this to be the sad sequel of our long journeyings?” said my busy throbbing heart. “Is my son to be injured—perhaps fatally—on these precipitous rocks?” And so, I trembled and rushed upward, until arrested by W—— shouting, “Don’t you come up,” and replying to my questions as I got nearer, “I am not hurt;” when content and thankful to wait the issue, I sat down where I was, until the guide, winding round and round many a projecting rock, at last reached W—— and slowly helped him down. It turned out that W—— in attempting to come down had found the precipices in his path so bewildering that he lost all trace of the way he got into the maze; and fearing that he should make matters still worse, had called so vigorously for the guide. I was glad he had called, gladder and deeply thankful that no harm resulted,—but by no means glad, (as W—— was,) that he went up; for it cost me a fright and sweat and breathless tug up the mountain, and a tremulous thumping of heart throbs, which make me shudder even now. I had wholly mistaken as to the alarming call for whisky, which I had fancied that he needed to prevent fainting. W—— had made no such call; and he still insists upon his greater wisdom in the whole affair; first, that it was wise to climb up;

and then wiser to call for the guide—in fact rare-prudence, for which he merits no ordinary degree of credit. We have to waive the question as an open one, between his love of daring—which I sometimes fear is rashness,—and my excessive caution, which he thinks is sometimes morbid.

We now go down to cross the great glacier. Our path to the edge of the ice, is steep over the rough and crumbled debris of the grinding glacier, when it was hundreds of feet higher than now. We see as we go down, that the granite mountain side has been scraped, planed, grooved, and torn, at intervals. We strike the ice, which in a still vast frozen stream is ever pushed onward with resistless power, moving in the center some twenty-three inches each day. It is broken into long yawning chasms, or crevasses, by the thrust and wrench. We find, however, no difficulty in safely crossing with care. Our shoes are shod with iron points to prevent slipping, and with our pointed staff, we pick our way, following the guide. Little flags are stuck into the ice at intervals, to show the best line of crossing. We pass many surface streams of running water, and some abysmal holes, into which the water rushes, falling with a cavernous sound. To those, we gave a wide berth. The opposite side of the glacier is far more difficult. The lateral moraine here, in any other place, would be called mountainous. It is formed of shattered granite rocks piled like broken stone upon each other,

mingled with ice, and oozing sands, as the sun thaws the beaten track.

At last, we strike the real mountain side beyond the moraine, and passing some beautiful cascades which come leaping down from dizzy heights, we enter upon the Mauvais Pas, where the path is cut out of the solid rock around a bold mountain side, and a rail of iron is fastened in the stone, to enable one to hold on. Ladies cross here every day. W— insists that it is not at all dangerous. I can only say that nothing can be easier, and nothing more fatal, than a single misstep, should one make but a slip, and fail to catch the iron rod strung along the face of the precipice.

We see as we pass, high up on the apparently inaccessible mountain slope, green patches of slant pasture. Fires are burning there high over our heads. Who started those fires? They are started by the mountaineers, who cut grass on those hanging declivities, and who annually burn them over after cutting, to enrich and soften the scant soil with ashes. Farther on, we see a woman coming down the mountain. She has two huge bags of hay poised deftly on her head, and with cautious and measured step she winds along on the steep descent. Coming nearer, we see that she is young, with a fair, flushed face nearly hidden under her great burden, and a firm, muscular tread as she carefully but fearlessly places foot below foot, and

goes by us down the mountain. Thus the Swiss harvest these granite slopes. Thus by the summer's toil, and hazards, they prepare for winter in their solitary homes. We slowly descend. Meeting our mules, we mount, and still go down. Steep and winding, stony and narrow is our path. Sometimes the mules have to step down over large stones, a sheer foot, on the brow of a dizzy height. W———clings to the saddle, but I, though fagged, prefer trusting my own legs, and I jog on, getting foot sore from nails in my boots. At last we are down, back to our hotel, the nails pulled out of our boots, and we refreshed by dinner. We have had a weary but most instructive day. I had almost forgotten to mention the most commanding and glorious sight of the whole day—the peak of the Aiguille du Dru. This is a gigantic pinnacle of riven granite, lifted from its base near the great glacier, by a sheer rise of thousands of feet, like some amazing cathedral tower and spire,—buttressed at the base, and on its ever rising lines, as by a gothic builder—streaming up with faultless proportions into a soaring shaft and needle-pointed spire above the clouds, which wreath it at intervals below the summit, and piercing far, far into what Chalmers called, the “blue of yon innocent and peaceful heaven.” Again, and again, was my gaze drawn as by a magnet to this wonderful work of the Great Sculptor of the Alps. Sublime serene and solemn—may its memory ever lift my soul heavenward.

September 16.—At 7:30 we are mounted on the diligence, for Geneva; driven by our rapidly waning days before sailing, to enter upon our westward course. And now, as taking leave of Mont Blanc, we are eager for last views. We ride down the valley near the turbid rushing stream. Soon coming directly abreast of the great mountain, we get the view which doubtless Coleridge saw, when he wrote the “Hymn in the vale of Chamouni.” In front is the swift torrent of the Arve—then a green reach of rising meadow—then the rougher foot hills—then the great “ice falls” of the Glacier des Bossons, streaming high up the mountain side, bordered by dark forests of spruce (not pine)—then the serrated and scarred peaks of the Grands Mulets—and towering over all the vast, steep, ever lifting expanse of everlasting snow. Our ride down the valley is full of wild beauty, but at Sallanches, twelve miles from Chamounix, we take our final and most memorable view of the great Monarch of the Alps. The day is perfect. Now, looking back, we see the wild gorge of Chamounix—then the lower mountain range with peaks lofty as our Mount Washington—then the mighty form of Mont Blanc girded with clouds—and lifted far above them, is seen clearly defined in the very depths of the mid heaven the one gleaming stainless imperial summit. All doubt as to the resistless power of the “Sovran Blanc,” now vanishes; for the eye can hardly trust its own vision, and thought itself is strained and

weary, as it mounts higher and ever higher till it rests on that far, still, solemn, ethereal throne of white, which well may challenge the world's worship of its Maker. Let us take leave of the Alps, with the closing lines of the hymn of Coleridge :

—“Rise, O ever rise !
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

Some miles further on, is the beautiful cascade of Arpenaz. The rocky strata of the sheer cliff from which it leaps, are singularly contorted in *waving* lines, showing that when in a plastic state, they had been bent in undulating curves. We pass several villages, in which nearly all the women seen—and sometimes men—have the dreadful goitred neck. At evening we reach Geneva, and find cheerful rooms in our Hotel Beau Rivage, and more letters from home.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENEVA TO PARIS.

Geneva. Cathedral where Calvin Preached. Service. Calvin's House. Scotch Church. Watch-making. Hotel de Ville. Night Train through France. Chalk. Pollards. Husbandry. Paris. Versailles. Le Grand Trianon. Josephine. Le Petite Trianon. Maria Antoinette. State Coaches. Soldiers. The Palace—Grounds—Fountains—Statues. Ruins in Paris. Place de la Concorde. Paris at Night. Champs Elysées. Demoralization. Beauty of Buildings. Tuilleries—Louvre—Ruins. Galleries of Statuary—Paintings. Notre Dame. Morgue. Arc de Triomphe. Start for Home.

Sunday, September 17.—Beautiful day—in this most beautiful and interesting city. I cannot dwell upon details here. In the morning we attended the cathedral, where Calvin preached. The interior is stone, from floor to ceiling—style, beautiful Romanesque, with nave, transepts, east end in apse, and the monks' and nuns' walk below the clerestory. The sermon was in French. W— understood enough to gather that it savored of the political. The preacher seemed earnest, especially in extempore prayer. The congregation was quite large. We met

there Rev. Dr. K——, of New York, and went with him after service to see the house where Calvin lived, and died. This house is now occupied by the nuns of some Romish establishment. Such are earthly transitions. Afterward we attended an English service in the Scotch Mission Church. The preacher—W. C. S. Jamieson, of Glasgow,—made an opening prayer which, with my feelings awed and solemnized by the Creator's works we had just seen, seemed to me the most reverent, devout, and fitting utterance of adoration—mainly in an appreciative selection of David's words—which I had ever heard. The sermon was good, but too studied, and was forceless so far as reaching with effect the sparse congregation. It was grateful however to hear English; and none the less so because of the Scotch accent. In the evening we attended an Episcopal Mission Church. Was very dull and sleepy, and was aroused neither by the service or sermon, to any appreciative animation.

September 18.—Spent the day till afternoon, in some purchases and sight seeing in this historic city. We were shown through the works of the great watchmakers, Pattek, Philipe & Co. We saw the whole process,—had explained to us the mysteries of stem-winding and regulating—and saw much beside, instructive and curious. The old Hotel de Ville in Geneva, and the Arsenal were visited. In the former, we saw the curious winding paved stairway by which

the old Cyndics used to mount to the fourth story on horseback.

At 3:30 we took the train for Paris; spending the night in the cars. As we rush through France, there is nothing specially noticeable. The country at times is much broken. Toward Paris there are large districts of chalk formation like that around London. The vineyards are constant; the vines planted very near each other, and kept trimmed to low stakes, not over six feet high. There are long ranges of Lombardy poplars, kept cut as pollards, for the fuel the shoots furnish, which give an impoverished and blighted look to the landscape. At times, these pollards,—weary of pushing up against the oft repeated clipping,—strike out horizontally, and assume fantastic forms of tree growth, interesting only as monstrosities. The husbandry does not impress one as of high grade. The farm cottages are rarely tasteful, and are very often slovenly. Not so much of the perpetual love of flowers, as was seen beside the humblest dwelling of the Dutch, and Swiss, and English.

But we are in Paris at early morning. We get by a squeeze tardily through the custom house search, and are permitted to go with our luggage unscathed to the Grand Hotel de Normandie; a home Norman enough, but, though quite comfortable, without a single element of the “grand.” We wash and eat; and, as we must “do Paris” in a few hours, we engage an interpreter, and coupe, and start on our round.

After a brief ride along the Rue de Rivoli, and some glimpses at buildings and places, to which I will refer afterward, we stop at a depot and take the rail for Versailles. Reaching there we at once visit the great Palace upon which Louis XIV., (*Le Grand Monarque*, as the frivolous French called him,) expended the treasure of the nation so prodigally, that distress ensued, so widely felt and stringent as to be a main cause in the view of historians, of the great and terrible Revolution. The hall where the present Versailles Assembly sits, the Palace itself, and the gorgeous chapel, we could not enter, being at present closed to visitors.

After riding through a long avenue of clipped elms, we enter Le Grand Trianon. This was a favorite residence of the great Napoleon and Josephine. We saw the Council room, called Room of Mirrors, where his councils were often held. We saw Josephine's bedroom, bed, furniture, clock, and paintings, as she left them. We saw Napoleon's bedroom, and private reception room, with the paintings and furniture as when he used them. The paintings are many of them by old masters, and of rare beauty, but many are of questionable taste; a remark strikingly true of the pictures in all French, and of most foreign galleries. We next visited Le Petite Trianon—the favorite residence of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Here we saw the grounds, mainly in forest, with a Swiss Chalet, mimic lakes, sequestered drives, and

towering old trees, where she loved to linger. Behind the Chalet is a bit of soft green lawn, beneath lofty shade, where many a giddy dance was had by queen and maids of honor and titled lords, devoted to the ceaseless pleasure seeking regnant in French society; but all unconscious of the awfully tragic savageness ever slumbering there, by which when roused, they soon were overwhelmed and butchered.

We next entered the royal coach house, and saw the heavily gilded and splendid state coaches of Louis XVI., of Napoleon I., and II., and of Josephine. These, though of enormous weight are truly regal—beautiful in proportion, and most glowing and costly in all luxurious adornment. There is a sad interest investing the coach which Napoleon gave to Josephine, in which when a wife divorced, she rode with a blighted heart to Malmaison; and which since that memorable and melancholy errand, has not been used.

All around these grounds in the long avenues, there are encampments of the soldiers of the present Versailles Assembly, held in arms ready to grapple on the instant with the tiger and hyena, which, with hardly a moment's warning, may threaten again to make Paris red with the blood of her own ravening inmates. Returning, we look at the great fountains of *Le Grand Monarque*—the numberless bronze and marble statues—the wonderful facades of the vast Trianon, constituting the palace, loaded everywhere with the most costly and lavish ornament—a very wilderness

of art wrought into every form of grace and beauty. We see the varied walks—the flower beds—the lawns—the clipped yew trees cut into fantastic shapes—the orange trees—the vistas of green avenue—and the vast plateaus, reached by marble stairways so spacious that an army could ascend them in battalions.

But time urging, we mount the omnibus to take an outside ride of some twelve miles to Paris, commanding on our way wide views of the environs, and of the city, better thus seen than from a railway car. Reaching the city wall we go through one of the theatres of the fiercest encounter between the Communists and the Versaillists. Paris here is torn and ravaged on every side; we see long ranges of buildings utterly demolished. Destruction has run wildly riot, sparing nothing.

We return to our hotel, for a late dinner. In the evening, though weary, we walk to the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, to see Paris by gas light, in her frenzy of pleasure seeking, but little abated by her awful ruin and sorrow. I will not describe the utter abandonment to the most seductive yet flattering sensuous indulgence, which seems, even now, to characterize the dwellers in this city, which like Sodom, and Babylon, and Rome of old, has played the harlot among the nations. In the groves of the Champs Elysées, open theatres are fitted up with dazzling lights, to attract the crowds to enter without charge, and hear songs and see ballet dancing by

girls; the profits on drinks and refreshments which are expected to be ordered, being relied upon as remuneration for the spectacular entertainment. I looked through the doorway of two of these most seductive lures to vice, without entering; and with a musing saddened heart and weary frame I returned early to my hotel and went to bed. W— returned soon after, expressing loathing and wonder at the atrocious profligacy of this city, amid the ghastly ruins which humble it in the sight of the whole world.

September 20.—We start early this morning with our interpreter, to make the most of our only remaining day. Paris, even in ruins, is the most beautiful city beyond approach which we have seen. This is due largely to the building material. It is a chalk sandstone, obtained in this region in exhaustless quantities, of a light soft cream color, and when first quarried, as easily cut and sculptured almost as wood, but hardening on exposure so as to become finely durable. The prevailing style of building is Grecian, in some instances with modifications in the direction of the modern Norman, and Italian; but presenting in great variety, miles of facades, where grace, majesty, and beauty are made permanent in stone. London has a world of Grecian in her structures; but they are all stiff, lumbering and sombre, as compared with

the facile lines, the rich entablatures, the copious but never over-laden ornament of the Paris fronts. Paris too is wondrously clean. The Seine has margins throughout the city, as void of offensive sights and smells as the river borders in a rural region ; and the frequent bridges are as grand, massive, yet airy and elegant, as the labor and art of man can build.

Our first visit in the forenoon is to the Tuilleries and the Louvre. The Palace of the Tuilleries and a great part of the new Louvre are utterly in ruins. The walls are standing, showing how grand, and rich, and graceful they were ; but they are now shattered shells, the whole interior being destroyed by the petroleum and fires of the frenzied Communists. Where the emperor held proud fêtes, and gave to the adjulant world receptions,—where Eugenie amid her thronging and painted maidens, was regnant as the world's queen of beauty and fashion, there is nothing now but bewildering desolation,—the imperial occupants now fugitives, and powerless. Nor was it an enemy that has done this. This is no work of the Prussian “brutes around Paris,” so stigmatized throughout our country by our brilliant, but too often misleading Philips,—but Paris herself has preyed upon her own vitals ; the ravening moral cancers within her have stricken in deadly blight to her very heart. Will the world profit by this awful lesson ? Especially will our American sons and daughters heed it, who fast becoming demoralized

by French seductions, were beginning to regard Paris as supreme in culture? I trust that the solemn warning has been, and will be, duly felt. The Reign of Terror in the last century, for a time suspended the world's adulation of France and Paris. May the renewed terror of the recent atrocities suitably impress the nations with the inevitable retribution which, sooner or later, must overtake a people given up to profligacy and sin.

We visited the galleries of statuary and paintings in the old Louvre now open. Our glance was of necessity rapid, and gave no opportunity for special study. The general impression was of a wondrous beauty; but a beauty unreservedly unchastened and sensuous. We visited the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a short distance from the Louvre, from the towers of which the tocsin was sounded for the commencement of the unutterably atrocious massacre of St. Bartholemew. We saw the corridor of the Louvre from one of the windows of which the infatuated king then reigning, himself fired at the crowd being butchered in the streets. We visited Notre Dame, and ascended the tower, which gave us a far-reaching view of Paris. From this tower, we saw on one of the river quays not far off, the ascending smoke of a great conflagration. Everything in Paris is so volcanic, that it was only natural that W——, thinking that the fire might be incendiary,—not knowing

what might happen in such a population—should think it safer for us to hurry down, lest some mine under the old church should be exploded. Just before ascending the tower, we had seen within the great nave, the place where the Communists had set on fire quantities of petrolum, and had lighted a train which led to powder barrels concealed under the altar, which were discovered just in time to save the building. I was not alarmed, deeming the fire accidental, as it turned out to be—being the burning of the contents of a great wine depot. Afterward we visited the Morgue, where the bodies of the suicides, and murdered, and of those drowned in the Seine, are exposed to public view for identification. Two bodies were there when we went in. One had been long in the water before discovery; the other, a man with a blow on the forehead, and the maudlin look of drunken debauch still on his face. We spent the remainder of our time in a drive through the Boulevards to the Arc de Triomphe, witnessing on every hand the wide spread destruction by the Communists.

At evening we took the train for Calais, arriving at midnight. Again we were highly favored by a smooth crossing of the Channel to Dover, where, again on English soil, we took the train for London, arriving in the early morning. I was quite amused at my own simplicity, as, while waiting at the depot for a discharge by the custom officer, I looked up at

an advertisement posted on the wall, and was amazed for a moment to find that it was in language I understood.

September 21 and 22 were spent in London, purchasing, and packing for our final start. On the evening of the latter we left for Liverpool, which we reached safely in a few hours, and found excellent rooms at the North Western Hotel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Emarking for home. Steamer Java. Passengers. Queenstown. Bishop of Litchfield. Wm. H. Seward. Conversation with him. Interesting Reference to Surrender of Mason and Sli-dell. Loss of a Danish Brig. Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." Favorable Passage. Arrival in New York.

September 23.—Beautiful morning. Busy with preparations for sailing. Stepping into a book store in Liverpool I purchased for reading on ship board, "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," by Professor Tyndall, and the "Witness of History to Christ," by Farrar. We had then, a little opportunity to see Liverpool; deriving from it however, only a very general and cursory impression, I will note nothing in detail. Had an hour of bustle and busy nothings on the wharf, disposing of baggage. There was much to amuse and interest one in observing the crowd of passengers now brought together on the spacious wharf, as the hour for embarking drew near. Nearly all were strangers; yet each was naturally desirous to learn what he could by observation of those who for

ten days were to be placed in such intimate relationship with himself in the voyage. The diversities of character and temperament written on the faces and expressed in the manner of those seen thus for the first time, were quite a study as revelations of their varied antecedents, as to occupation, culture and intelligence. I was struck especially with the face and expression of one gentleman, whom I met frequently as he passed about leisurely in the throng of passengers and porters; and while he was thus quietly reading others, it was easy to see in the expression of his marked features and mien, a wide intelligence as to men and things, and an acute and practiced power of discrimination as to the character of others. All these were abundantly confirmed afterward, when I came to know him as an eminent jurist, Judge T—, of Boston.

About 1 P. M., we left the wharf in a steam lighter for our good ship the Java, which lay at anchor in the Mersey some two miles away. Coming near enough for distinct vision, we see that she lies low in the water—indicative of a full load. We are soon on board, and we find our state-room—which we had some weeks before engaged in London from a diagram of the vessel—to be all as to position and convenience which we had anticipated. Passing up the cabin stairway, I heard my name called, and turning I found Rev. J. S. D—, of Boston, a valued friend, who with his esteemed wife and niece, were like ourselves

returning home. We find too that Wm. H. Seward and his party are on board, returning from their voyage around the world.

Our steamer is soon under way, and we rapidly pass the long line of docks, which distinguish Liverpool. Passing out into the Channel we come ere long in sight of the distant Snowdon range of mountains in Wales, on our left; and on our right, of the more distant highlands in the Isle of Man. Gradually these fade in the twilight as the night draws on. We note the tremor of our great ship as she feels the power of the screw whirling deep in the water at the stern. The masts and long spars shudder at each revolution. These are but an earnest of the nearly countless throes of the mighty power which is to speed us on our way across the wide Atlantic.

Sunday, September 24.—A glorious morning. About 9 o'clock we enter the spacious harbor of Queenstown, and learn that we are to lie here till 4 in the afternoon, awaiting the arrival of the "Great Irish Mail," which, leaving London at midnight yesterday, has been sent by the North Western Railway to Wales, and thence crossing to Dublin, is to come down through Ireland to meet us here. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scene around us as we lie in this magnificent bay; yet we regret the loss of the hours in which we might have made fine headway on our voyage. But the claims of the national mail are

regnant, and nothing remains for us but quiet acquiescence. About 11 o'clock the ship's bell calls us to the dining saloon, for religious services. The Lord Bishop of Litchfield (Henry Augustus Melville) officiated, and preached. The service and sermon were refreshing and grateful to all; reverent, simple, fervent and natural. It was evident from the unpretentious sermon, which brought happily to our view the Fatherhood of God, and the Gospel of Christ, that a true worshiper—though he be an English Lord Bishop—finds peace in God and joy in Christian faith, in precisely the same heart relations to our Father and Redeemer that the humblest believer feels—for there is one Only Name, and but one Way, Truth, and Life, in which any can be saved.

This service was a happy introduction of the Bishop to his fellow passengers. Accompanied by a number of Episcopal clergymen, he was on his way to attend a convention soon to be held in Baltimore. Knowing that he was to sail in the Java, Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, had most kindly given to me in London a note of introduction to the Bishop of Litchfield. It was announced at this service that a meeting for prayer would be held each morning during the voyage in the Bishop's private cabin.

At 4 o'clock, we see nearing us from Queenstown a sturdy steam tug, which is soon alongside. The great mail is now put on board, together with more passengers. A long weather-beaten Irishman also comes

on board as pilot, and mounts the bridge to take command. The anchor is raised, and a strong hawser run out from the tug and attached to our forward capstan to wind the ship for her course. I got a powerful impression of the enormous inertia of our great steamer from the difficulty of this winding process. The tug was a powerful one, and held by the strong hawser, it exerted its full power at right angles with our ship, pulling directly at the bow, and yet, though there was no wind or wave to oppose, the tug with the utmost effort was a full half hour in drawing us around. Now headed to the outlet, the mighty engine is started, our screw begins its throes, and the vast mass of our ship, yielding to a nearly resistless force, begins to rush on its way. The pilot, wishing our captain a prosperous voyage, soon leaves in his little boat which had been towing astern; and we all rejoice in the movement and freedom as our ship heads toward the shoreless expanse on our homeward way.

September 25.—Wind and weather greatly favor us. Our ship rolls some in the waves, and quite a number are affected by it. I am happily exempt, and begin to read with much zest, Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps."

September 26.—We are making capital speed. A fresh wind is so fair, that with our sails all set it comes

grandly in aid of our engine, and we are sometimes running seventeen knots an hour.

At 10 o'clock I attended prayers in the Bishop's cabin. Quite a number were present. It is most timely and meet to lift our hearts daily to Him who upholds all, as, out of sight of land, we are upborne on the waves of the deep.

September 27.—Weather still favorable, and our speed excellent. Spent the day in reading, conversation, and exercise on deck.

September 28.—Beautiful day. I had this morning a very interesting conversation with Governor Seward—one of the most remarkable, as well as most eminent men of the age. Though both of his arms are nearly helpless from paralysis, he has lost little of his natural activity, and is every day on deck for hours, when the weather will admit. His face is deeply scarred by the wounds inflicted by the assassin who attempted to take his life in Washington. He is easily approachable by all, and delighting in conversation, is ready to answer most instructively, the numerous questions asked relative to his recent travel in Japan, China, India, and other countries. With a profound conviction that Governor Seward as an instrument of Providence, had rendered in our great conflict inestimable service for his country, not only, but for the welfare of our race—service which perhaps

no other man living could so effectively have rendered—it was grateful to me as an American citizen to have the opportunity of expressing my sense, in common with my countrymen, of personal obligation to one who had thus been a great public benefactor. In our conversation this morning, referring to the Trent affair, I spoke of the universal exultation with which the seizure of Mason and Slidell was hailed at the North, and almost without exception justified as sanctioned by national law. I then spoke of the marvelous acquiescence—nearly without dissent—of the public in the ground taken by him when Mason and Slidell were given up; and I expressed my conviction that no other man under such circumstances, could have so adroitly and yet wisely influenced public sentiment in that trying emergency. This led to quite a detailed reference by him to that critical event in our great national struggle. He stated that the Trent seizure occurred at a marked juncture in our affairs, and that the North did not then know, what was well known to him, through his relation to our diplomacy, namely, that the leading European powers had distinctly notified our government that they would respect our blockade of the southern ports only so far as that blockade was made effective by the presence there of an adequate force. To maintain that blockade, seemed to him decisive of our controversy. If our southern ports were to be open for the unrestrained conveyance to the South of supplies from

abroad, our cause would be greatly imperiled ; hence from the first he had been most solicitous that this blockade should be so maintained that foreign powers would be compelled to respect it. He said further, that a day or two after the seizure of Mason and Slidell, and after the lower House of Congress had nearly unanimously adopted a resolution justifying and commanding the act of Captain Wilkes, General McClellan called upon him, and put to him directly the question, "Are we to have war with England?" In reply, said Governor Seward, I said, "Why do you ask this question?" "Because," said General McClellan, "if we are to have war with England I must know it, and without delay transfer the greater part of our forces now supporting the blockade, to northern cities—especially New York—for their defence." I was thus, said Mr. Seward, brought vividly to see that the immediate effect of a rupture with England would be the virtual abandonment of our blockade; and this, with the material and moral advantages given to the South by the aid of England as an actual combatant, it seemed clear might be fatal. I felt too, continued Mr. Seward, that while the seizure of Mason and Slidell might be justified as against England, on the ground of her own pretensions and precedents as to the right of search, yet it would virtually be a departure from the influence we had previously exerted as a nation in mitigation of the stringent rules of national law based upon the practices of

governments in which popular freedom had less sway than with us. In view then of the whole matter, as a statesman charged with great public trusts, I was not long in concluding that it was clearly my duty to do the utmost that could rightfully be done to avert a rupture with England. But in the Trent matter I had little active support in the Cabinet. President Lincoln, very soon in our discussions, assured me that he would support me to the full extent of his power should I deem it best to surrender Mason and Slidell. The other members of the Cabinet were reluctant to pledge support, but would only engage to not actively oppose; while each remained in a position in which he could say—did the result prove adverse—“I am in no wise responsible, as I never advised it.” Thus, said Mr. Seward, aside from the President, I was constrained to assume the responsibility in the surrender of Mason and Slidell.

One cannot meet this veteran statesman, so often tried and found equal to every emergency in the most responsible positions, without a profound impression as to his wealth of cosmopolitan knowledge, his breadth of view, and his patriotic and exalted estimate of the influence and mission of America in the affairs of the world. His record, as to the successful conduct of our government in its relations to foreign powers, during our struggle for existence among the nations, is reward, and will be fame enough to fill the aspirations of the world’s ablest statesmen.

September 29.—We have had quite a stormy night. Our good ship rolled and pitched heavily, but behaved admirably, riding the billows with perfect ease of movement, and without shudder from contact with the waves. A dense fog toward morning, and for hours the steam whistle is used, and our engine checked to half speed.

On the voyage of the Java next before this, we are told by our Captain, that at midnight in the mid Atlantic, she ran down a Danish brig. The night was dark, and the brig showed no lights. The Java struck the brig broadside about midship and cut her completely in two. There were eleven men on board, and only one was saved. He was awaked from sleep by finding himself in the water, but catching some floating wood from the wreck he was picked up by the boats of the Java. What is very remarkable is the fact that next morning many of the passengers of the Java knew nothing of the collision. Our Captain said that before the Java had crossed the brig as far as the line of our foremast, the brig was cloven completely, and the fragments fell off on each side. The Java was uninjured, the pumps showing no water in the hold. We got from this sad encounter, a vivid idea of the great strength and nearly resistless momentum of these vast iron steamers.

We are now rapidly nearing the Great Banks. I am happy to be again able to record exemption from

seasickness; W——, though doing bravely, does not fare quite so well.

September 30.—Sea now quite smooth. Last night by our Captain's reckoning, we were within thirty-six miles of Cape Race. A little land bird this morning, doubtless from Nova Scotia, is flying near our ship.

October 1.—Sunday. Wind fair, and day beautiful. Divine service in the forenoon, the Bishop preaching.

October 2.—We are now watching eagerly for a pilot. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a pilot boat comes in sight and soon a pilot comes on board. We hail this as an assurance of the near close of our voyage.

Have greatly enjoyed reading on ship board. Tyn-dall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" is a book full of striking and manly incidents, narrated in delightful English, with much incidental scientific instruction. I am pained however, by the evidence in it of a subtle yet constant and obviously studied non-theism. The glories of the Alps, though described with glowing appreciation, can win from this scientist not even a remote recognition of the Creator. His conception of the Cosmos, is one confessedly tending to the materialistic, and seems wholly to ignore a Sovereign and all subordinating Intelligence. Yet, confessions of

the barrenness of a system thus "alienated from the life of God," are not wanting in the book, as his heart finds no response to its yearnings, in the realm of mere force, unconscious and unintelligent, though it be most mighty and sublime. Verily the mere Physicist—however reluctant he may be to admit the Theistic in his conceptions of the universe—can not wholly repress the intuitions of his own spiritual nature, which in the presence of the creation, *will continually ask for the creator.*

October 3.—We arrive safely in New York harbor this morning. The dense fog detains us some hours off the quarantine ground. A steamer comes down from the city to take off Governor Seward and party, who leave us with our hearty rounds of cheers in honor of the great Publicist.

In the early forenoon, our noble steamer is warped up to its own landing, and the warm welcome of relatives and friends watching for our arrival, is a grateful earnest of the joys of home once more in our native land.

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